The Bystander, October 13, 1920. No. 880. Vol. LXVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

THE ASSQUITH BRAYING IN THE WILDERNESS

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540.) 2.30 and 7.45.
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To-Night at 8 (afterwards 8.30). Mats, Tues. and Sat, 2.30.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Prince

THE welcome accorded to the Prince of Wales on his return has hardly been equalled in point of affectionate enthusiasm by anything since the arrival of his grandmother as bride nearly sixty years ago. His Royal Highness inherits a full share of the enduring charm of his grandmother, who is devoted to him, and he to her—and there can be no greater tribute to his fine character than this beautiful relationship. He has, however, had a much more responsible and arduous task than ever fell to Queen Alexandra, and he has carried it out with extraordinary ability. I have talked to many Canadians, Australians, and Americans who have followed the progress of the Prince in their own countries, and one and all tell me that the newspaper accounts are in no sense exaggerated. Indeed, some of them think that enough has not been written home about the Prince's triumphs. It is not only that he has great personal charm and tact; but he is a very quick observer, and can turn a speech with great adroitness. This is very remarkable in so young a man. It is an instinct which no amount of training fully supplies. In possessing such an Heir-Apparent this country is supremely lucky, especially when we think of the case of Germany and "Little Willie."

The Premier—

As if to match the Prince of Wales's new bow to the country, the Premier, who is Wales personified, is also to have a re-introduction—as journalist. Lord Frederic Hamilton, in his amusing new book, "The Day Before Yesterday," regrets that Parliament is not reported as it used to be; but that, apparently, does not mean that politics are not read, for the Prime Minister has entered the ranks of journalism himself with "The Lloyd George Magazine," an illustrated sixpenny monthly, which states the Case for the Coalition with immense enthusiasm. This is very skilfully done by Mr. Harold Spender — whose brother, ironically enough, states the case from the other point of view every day in the *Westminster Gazette*.

—And his Magazine

THE motto of the magazine might very well have been Mercutio's immortal "A plague o' both your houses"—if you wish to get things done. There is a great deal of the rapier-like gaiety of Mercutio in the Prime Minister, although his enemies might make the word "mercurial." His less nimble opponents, like schoolboys in a logic class, are bent on spotting his fallacies; but with his skill in thrust and parry, the Premier is always ahead of them, determined, in Mercutio's words, that they should not make "worms' meat" of him. Hence this adventure in journalism of his own, which will make him independent of existing newspapers. As an exhibition of team work, the Prime Minister's defence of the Coalition, as presented by Mr. Spender, is extremely readable—whatever Parliamentary reports may be.

The Late Mr. C. N. Williamson

ALTHOUGH he and his personal friends have known for more than a year that his fate was sealed, C. N. Williamson's death probably came as a surprise to the countless admirers of the stories "By C. N. and A. M. Williamson." England and all those parts of the world where the English travel for sport, recreation, and health were as well-known to Williamson and his clever wife as is his beat to a policeman. Enthusiastic motorists, they were the first to combine poetry and petrol, and no writers yet have done for the car what they have done in a long series of stories, beginning, I fancy, with the "Lightning Conductor." Like most collaborators, neither Williamson nor his wife would ever let you know how they wrote their books. "I write my name splendidly," Williamson would say.

A "White Feather" Story

WILLIAMSON was a very young-looking man. Straight and stiff as the typical soldier, when he was sixty he might well have passed for a man of

WELCOME HOME! By Alfred Leete

It would take a deal more than this to affect the enthusiasm of the nation at the return of the Prince of Wales. All the same, it is a thousand pities that this sort of thing should be going on just as he comes home

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

forty. On one occasion he passed himself off as a couple of years older than he really was, just for the sake of neatness in retort. It was at that period of the War when silly young women went about in public places presenting white feathers to men who, they thought, ought to be in uniform. Williamson, with a few friends, was celebrating his birthday with a little dinner-party in the Savoy. A group of the white-feather-giving young girls came up to the table, and one of them offered C. N. the token of shame. Putting it in his buttonhole, Williamson kissed the astonished damsel's hand, saying, "Thank you, dear lady, for such a pretty compliment. My friends and I are keeping my sixtieth birthday." The girls retreated hurriedly.

The Strike of the "First-Class Fare"

THERE seems little doubt but that the American "go without" campaign had some real effect in the way of bringing down prices. Lots of us in this country are obliged to "go without" to a very great extent, but, on the whole, the British temperament is not to "go without" if it's avoidable. There are symptoms, however. Last week a friend of mine who had never travelled anything but first-class in his life, and might still very well do so, said to another friend with whom he was going off to spend the week-end, "And, mark you, I am taking a third-class return." "Right-o!" said the other, "we'll travel together. When I renew my season it will be a third." The journey was one of just under fifty miles, and both men are what one calls "very well fixed." I think this sort of strike is going to spread.

By W. E. WIGFULL

TROTSKY: "WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?"

What of the M.C.U.?

BUT, after all, little protests of this kind by rich men will not help us very much. Indeed, in this particular way it will only inconvenience us by crowding us still worse when we are on our travels in our third-class compartments. But what are we to do? A writer to-day, I see, wonders why the Middle Classes Union makes so little progress. Well, who really knows anything about it, and what it definitely suggests doing? I confess that I have not the slightest idea. It is said that women are its stoutest adherents. This is encouraging, for women these days really do seem to be getting what they want in spite of the troublous times—or is it because of them?

The Hundred Best Men

BUT if women can do all that we hope and they think, we should surely find at the luncheon which is to take place at the Fishmongers' Hall, E.C., just about this time, a company to whom we could safely hand over all our troubles. A hundred "representative" women are to select as their guests a hundred men who shall be worthy of acting as their "opposite numbers." When I first saw this luncheon announced I thought to myself, "Now we shall know who our really great men are. The hundred best women will certainly pick out the hundred best men, and we shall be able to make them a present of all our difficulties for their handling."

Wanted—Originality

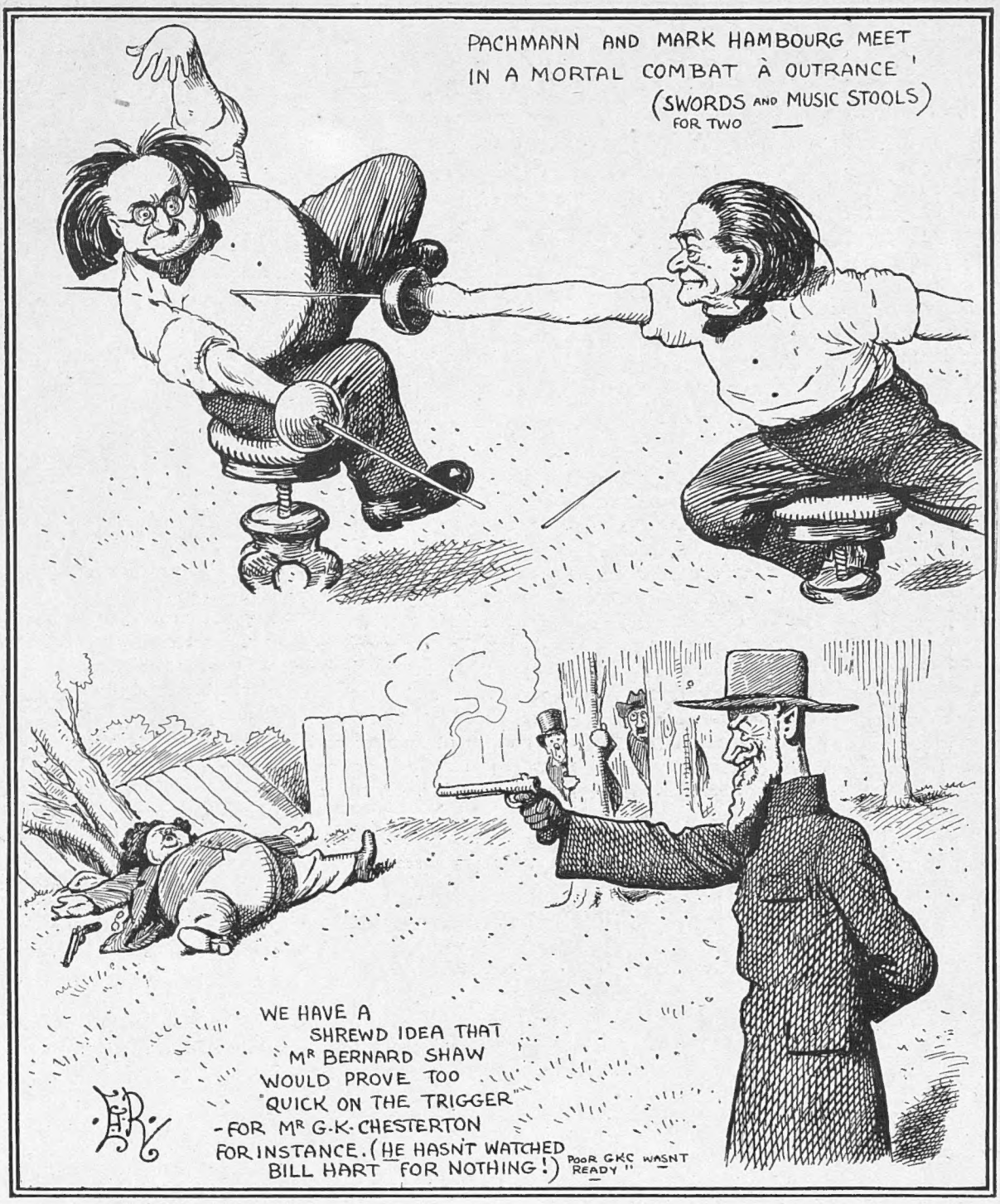
AT the moment of writing only a very few of the ladies' elected have been made known. I am disappointed. I don't mind them having the Lord Mayor—Lord Mayors are so decorative. But why Sir Eric Geddes? We've had him for a long time. And I see, too, that they are going to put a man in the chair, apparently because he is the son of a distinguished mother. I had hoped for something more original from the hundred representative women of our race.

The Fashionable Height

HOW do they do it? I read that Paris has decreed that women shall now be tall. If our women accept this mandate, as they accept many, if not all, of these Parisian laws, we shall certainly see practically nothing but tall women about so long as the fashion lasts. In our own immediate circle, of course, there will be exceptions. We *know* that Emily and Jane are short, and nothing that they can do will make us believe them to be anything else. But other people's Emilies and Janes will most assuredly be, or look, Amazonian. How do women manage this? We know that they cannot add a cubit to their stature by taking thought. But, somehow or other, there they'll be, six foot each if necessary. They always conform to the desired type. Do they hypnotise us? Do our short Emilies and Janes look tall to people who don't know them? Or are all the women who do not conform to the fashion hidden away by their friends and relations for the time being? As we do not hide our short Emily and Jane, I can hardly imagine that other people hide theirs. It must be hypnotism, or Christian Science, or something mysterious of that kind, for no matter what women want to look like, that they will appear.

Importing German Labour?

IS it true, I wonder, that on one pretext or another, we are "importing" into this country some six hundred Germans per week? It has so been stated by a writer who ought to know what he is



By E. T. Reed

THE RETURN OF DUELLING

If the blood-curdling example of Sir Claude de Crespigny (in challenging a peer to fight a duel) were to "catch on," the early morning hours would see many a strange and thrilling encounter

talking about, and it makes melancholy hearing. But does it "serve us right?" One is forced to admit that, in spite of our dense population, there are not enough of us willing to do the week's necessary work as one week follows another. Whether it's laying bricks or mining coal we cannot get enough bricks laid or enough coal mined by our home workers. If these Germans are going to do the other three days' work per week that we leave undone, there may be some excuse for their importation. But I would really rather have Chinese or Indian labour. We've had enough of these Germans. Of course, the "happy thought," the "bright idea," or "brain wave," would be to do our own work. Say what we may in excuse, we have to admit that we alone of all the nations in the world present the pitiable spectacle of a great proportion of our people unwilling to do a good week's work when work was never so sorely needed. This is entirely apart from any question of what shall be paid for the work. If the "labour" trouble could be settled to-morrow by some miraculous scheme that could give every "working man" £5,000 a year, the country's trouble would remain as acute as ever—it's work is not being done.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

MISS MARGARET HOLMES

Whose engagement to Capt. Wedgwood Benn, D.S.O., M.P., has just been announced. Miss Holmes is the daughter of Mr. D. T. Holmes, lately M.P. for Govan, and a grand-daughter of Provost Eadie of Paisley, a well-known figure in Scottish Liberal circles

Changed Times

THE return of the Court to London at this time of year is one of the many signs which multiply all round us that to-day is a very different affair from the yesterdays the ex-Kaiser swept away.

There is too much to do nowadays for Ministers of State to be able to be in attendance on the Sovereign at Sandringham or Balmoral, and it has become a paramount necessity for the Head of the State to be in close touch with the Prime Minister.

The Court is sure to go down to Sandringham before Christmas, but until near that time the King will be busy in London. Parliament sitting in the autumn, and the Court installed at Buckingham Palace, make all the difference to the "little season." If it adds to its gaiety it certainly detracts from its cosiness. Already there is nearly as much "going on" from one entertainment to another as during the season proper.

Dancing is in full swing at the Ritz and Claridge's—the super-smart *caravanserais* which at first set their faces so sternly against general dancing. And at Murray's they have a sort of revue in which the players act their parts amongst the diners after the American fashion. The return of the Prince of Wales, laden with laurels, will add much to the gaiety of things, for there are sure to be dances arranged for him and his brothers.

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS MARY STRAKER

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Straker, of Hartforth Grange, Richmond, Yorks, whose marriage to Lord Barnard, M.C., of Raby Castle, Darlington, will take place to-morrow, October 14

The Alba Wedding

THE wedding in London of foreigners of such distinction as the Duke of Alba and the Marquesa San Vincente del Barco is unusual, but the death of the Empress Eugénie, to whom the Duke was closely related through the Montijo family, made a wedding of pomp and circumstance impossible in Spain. There, mourning is a much more serious and prolonged affair than it is with us.

Duke of Berwick

THAT the Duke of Alba should have chosen London and the Spanish Embassy for his wedding, failing Madrid, is easily explained. He was married in the country of his family's origin and in the Embassy of his nationality. He is Duke of Berwick as well as Duke of Alba, the first title having been conferred upon James Fitz-James, the first Duke, by his father, one James II. The first Duke of Berwick was what is called when royal folks are concerned a "natural son" of James whil t he was still Duke of York, and Arabella Churchill, sister of the famous Duke of Marlborough.

The third Duke of Berwick married a Duchess of Alba in the eighteenth century, and so the two dukedoms came to be borne by one family, and the English names of Stuart Fitz-James to figure as the surname of a Spanish grandee. Both the Duke and his brother, the Duke of Peñaranda, are well-known in London, where before the War they spent part of every season. Their only sister is the Duchess of Santoña.

Photograph *Sport and General*

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALLENBY PRESENTS COLOURS

To the 8th, 9th, and 1st Reserve Garrison Battalions of the Suffolk Regt. at Bury St. Edmunds. This event took place last week

One Way out of a Difficulty

THE high rents demanded for flats, plus the fantastic sums for premiums, are having an unexpected effect in London. Big houses in the West End are being converted into maisonettes in increasing numbers, but there are any number of houses not sufficiently big to cut into three floors. I am told that unless a house can be converted to accommodate three different sets of people there is not sufficient return upon the money expended, so those who are speculating in the maisonette boom leave the smaller houses severely alone. The servant question, upkeep, high rates, and the general pinch of money make such houses beyond the consideration of the homeless.

Bedroom to Kitchen

BUT the example of a young married couple is already being followed. They boldly took such a house. The two lower floors they let to a spinster friend at one-third of the rent and taxes, they themselves keeping the upper part. All that required to be done was to arrange a bath-room in the lower part, convert a bedroom into a kitchen—with a gas-stove only—in the upper part, put in a second front door bell, and arrange for two separate gas and electric light meters. There had, of course, to be a definite arrangement that the top and bottom floors should never visit except by invitation, and be as separate as if they were in two flats in a "Mansions."

The plan has worked extremely well, and when I tell you that the rent of the house is £150 a year, you can realise how satisfied both parties are. A good many other people are going to try the experiment, I hear.

Fellow-Guests—

VISCOUNT EDNAM

—Of the Duke of York—

LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR

—At Wilton

Photographs *Topical*

VISCOUNT MOLYNEUX

THE Earl and Countess of Pembroke recently entertained the Duke of York at Wilton, Salisbury, for the shooting. Among the guests were the subjects of these photographs taken during a shoot

THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE HENRY AT NEWMARKET

Their Royal Highnesses were last week the guests of Sir Ernest Cassel at the Hall, Saxmile Bottom, Newmarket. This photograph shows a group of some of the house-party, including the Royal guests, Sir Ernest Cassel (right), Sir Matthew Wilson (left), and the Misses Marjorie Jenkins and Edwina Ashley. The latter, Sir Ernest's granddaughter, acted as hostess

Photographs *Central News*

THE TREVOR-BUCHAN WEDDING

Lady Olivia Buchan, eldest daughter of the Earl of Caithness, was married last week to Captain Stephen Trevor at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. The bride and bridegroom are here seen leaving the church after the ceremony

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE (concluded)

"Preaching Down a Daughter's Heart."

THE daughter of a dame widely known in Society, and the world outside it, as a person of fashion and expenditure, set her youthful affections upon a pleasing young man with a certain moiety of this world's goods: certainly not a superfluity.

The mother at first discouraged the affair: then, finding cold water of no use, forbade the young man the house. This being done she spake thus to her tear-stained daughter. "'When you marry you must keep up to the standard of chinchilla. I cannot let my daughter sink to musquash!"

And the Honeymoon

THE Fates were kind and decreed that the daughter should ultimately marry a man of great fortune, and very much a personage into the bargain. But the son-in-law could not abide his mother-in-law whom he dubbed "She." They were barely on speaking terms before the engagement was half over.

A country palace was lent the young couple for their honeymoon. On the fourth day a motor appeared at the hall door. It contained the mother-in-law!

Later the young husband holding forth upon the foibles and tiresomeness of his wife's mother said to a friend; "Imagine, four days after we were married 'She' came all the way from London in a motor and stayed five hours! Think of it, five hours!"

"What did you do?" enquired the friend.

"I sat in a hot bath all the time. It was the only place 'She' couldn't get at me—and I couldn't ask her to stay!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE BYSTANDER BUTTERFLY

HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 11

DEAR COUSIN—

LET'S all go Bolsh. Positively hate to think of taking such a drastic step, I do, but, really, things are beginning to go a bit beyond the limit, the very outside edge. Take this new and latest six shillings in the pound income tax, for instance.

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SIMPLY can't be faced, you know, unless perchance you're a profiteer of the very deepest dye. And *then*, I suppose, you know enough of the gentle art of wangling to get out of the worst of it—or else you wouldn't *be* a profiteer, would you, not a successful one? Impossible, as Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Belloc or someone has remarked, to be a millionaire *and* really honest.

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SIX shillings in the pound—think of it! More than a quarter of one's humble, hard-earned honorarium, and the more you make the more you have to pay. Almost persuades one to feel like following in the footsteps of our masters, the miners, and doing a little in the way of restriction of output. After all, as the skunks in the little U.S. story pathetically said to each other when the particularly smelly motor-car went by—what's the use? Helps to give miners and dockers and dustmen and people their nine or ten pounds a week or so, of course. But why work yourself to the bone to pay other people's bonuses? I ask you.

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OR to give local councillors nice gold bands on their nice fat cigars, either? 'Cos the rates, too, are going up with a rush everywhere here in London now, thank you—and especially (need I add?) in places where Labour runs the show. And it's you and I, you know, who have to pay up, out of incomes that we haven't any Unions to keep steadily on the upward grade, or nice little profiteering stunts to send soaring up beyond the dreams.

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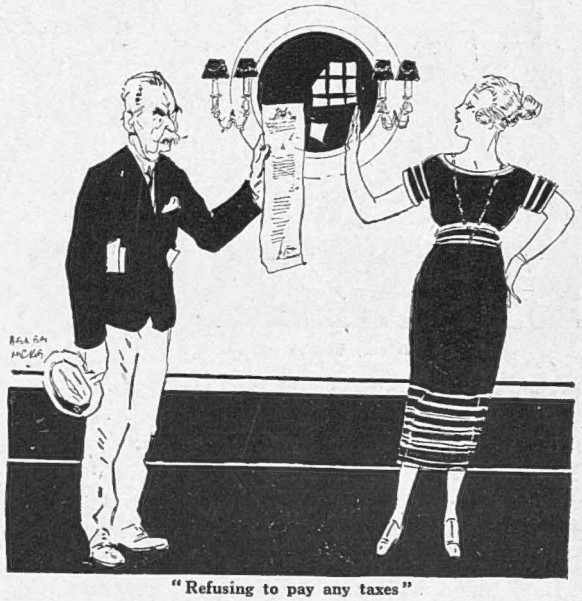
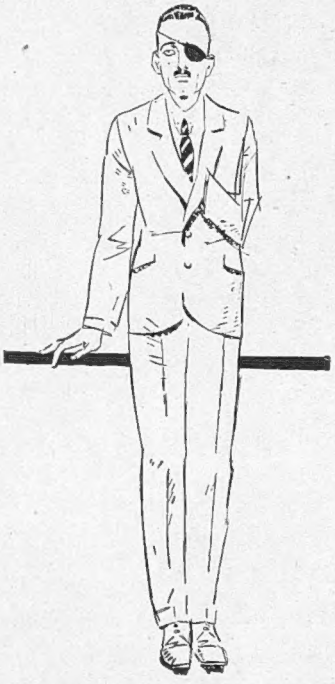
OF course, it's got to be a really rather special Bolsh movement, this one of ours—not the ordinary sordid Semitically subsidised sort beloved of Lenin, Lansbury and Co.

All the best people will be in it, the people who do things and are things, and are brilliant or beautiful, or both. And, of course, our methods'll be *quite* different—though if there were any Royal jewels going about, not sure Helen and me, anyway, mightn't succumb to temptation.



"Refusing to pay any taxes"

NOT exactly decided just *what* they'll be yet, but, anyway, refusing to pay any taxes till all the profiteers (and some, p'raps, of the politicians who protect 'em) are properly put through it, will certainly be one of the very first planks, as they put it across the water, of the great Neo-Bolsh policy. And, for another, instant at-all-costs and no-shilly-shally dealing with the two hundred thousand or so fighting men, who, as Lord Haig has to keep on and keep on telling us, are *still* unprovided for and still unemployed.



"'These sacrifices were made for YOU'"

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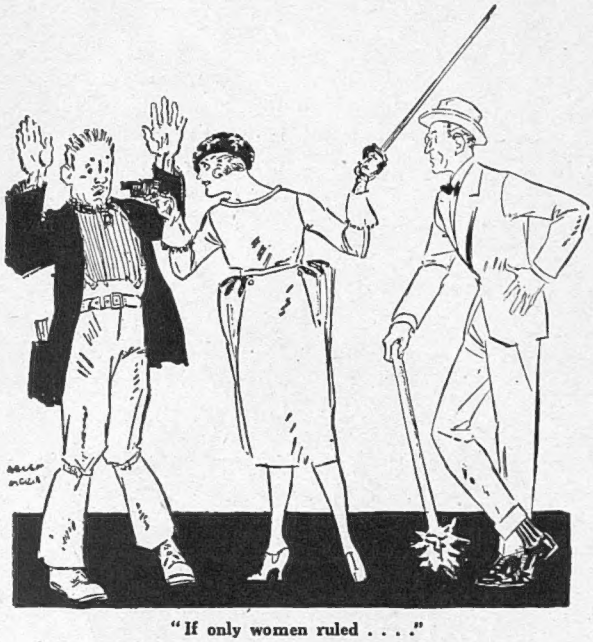
IS it believable? The War that these men helped to win over nearly two years ago, and their C.-in-C. still forced to send round begging letters for a bare living for the heroes of yesterday . . . and, for that matter, of to-day and all time. Many of them, as he says in his latest appeal to sportsmen throughout the country on behalf of the "33,000

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

disabled officers, 10,000 officers' widows, 8,000 officers' orphans, 15,000 children of disabled officers, and 25,000 unemployed officers who are still paying the penalty of war"—many of them men who earned the highest honours for gallantry, many of them men whose wounds have disabled them for life.



"If only women ruled . . . ."

PENSIONS, as Lord Haig reminds us, are small. . . . Families are suffering at best a lowered standard of life, at worst something very near starvation. . . . Others, again, have lost five vital years of their career, and sacrificed, together with their training, the earning capacity which, but for the War, they had a right to count upon. . . . And—alas! that it should have to be recalled to us—"these sacrifices were made for YOU. . . ."

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WHAT would the Sleepers think of it if they knew? Do they know, I wonder—I hope not—the gallant fallen of whom our own gallant Robert Vernède so beautifully wrote, before his own hour struck;

Ye sleepers; who will sing you?
We can but give our tears—
Ye dead men, who shall bring you
Fame in the coming years?
Brave souls . . . but who remembers
The flame that fired your embers?
Deep, deep the sleep that holds you
Who one time had no peers.

They sleep. And may their sleep be deep and soft and gently smiling and unutterably restful. But, as another poet wrote;

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

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HAVE we kept faith? We may be forgiven, perhaps, the weaker of us mortals, if amid the clamorous claims of life the memory of the dead sometimes grows a little dim. But to forget, to neglect, to pass by on the other side, the living who made such sacrifices for us—is there anywhere, here or elsewhere, any excuse or pardon for that?

IF only women ruled. . . . Somehow don't seem to see them all forgetting the fighting men to kow-tow to miners and railwaymen, or consigning their war memories to the scrap-heap of oblivion in a fevered chase after Labour votes. Reminds me, positively frantic struggles being made by those dear dusty, fusty, musty old dons at Cambridge to keep us in our proper place at that great seat of learning and the (less modern) arts.

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SEEMS the dear old things aforesaid—not so very aged, really, most of them, but a 'Varsity atmosphere does appear to make some people, anyway, mentally rather tired and bald—"simply hate the idea of young persons of opposite sexes going about together, quite apart from any question of women sharing in lectures and 'schools' and the rest. And there's quite frightful agitation, *on dit*, in the donnish breast about certain 'mixed' tea-parties that have (quite respectably) occurred of late.

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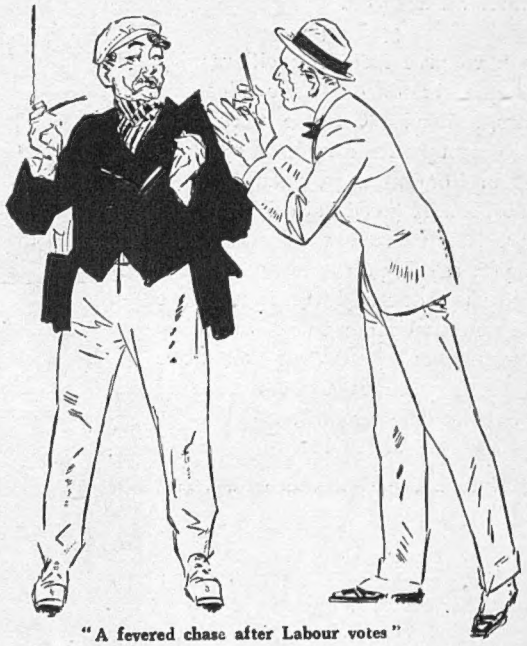
"BUT wouldn't it be, on the whole, almost better, really, don't you think, for us so well-guarded undergrads"—writes one of the dear things—"to meet and even go about openly now and then with girls who are more or less our equals, than furtively pursue (as I *have* heard has been done) surreptitious barmaids and lodging-house keepers' daughters? *Naturam expellas furcâ*, don't you know, and all that sort of thing.

卐 卐

BRIGHT and wise young philosopher, what? Almost as wisely philosophic as the one in that not least intriguing of the books of the moment—"In the Mountains." "How much more enlightening," writes this analyst of life as it should be enlightenedly and efficaciously, lived, "how much more efficacious than any words, is that very simple thing, a kiss. I believe if we all talked less and kissed more we should arrive far quicker at comprehension."

With love (and kisses), yours ever,

BLANCHETTE



"A fevered chase after Labour votes"

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES

"Julia from San Francisco"

Photograph] MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR *[Rita Martin*

Now playing at the St. James's Theatre with Mr. Charles Hawtrey as one of "His Lady Friends." Julia is one of four charming ladies upon whom James Smith, (Mr. Hawtrey) lavishes (with strictly avuncular intentions) spare chunks of his large income

THE PRUDE'S FALL
AT WYNDHAM'S

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is quite a charming play. Not the least amusing feature is the frank discussion of the interdependence of the sexes with which the story opens. Mr. Gerald du Maurier takes the part of a Frenchman, Captain André Le Briquet, and in adopting the candour of our dear neighbours in such matters he is, of course, merely true to nature. He has come to call upon a fascinating widow, Beatrice Audley, partly because he met her once before in the East and partly because he thinks he is in love with her. There are other people staying at the house at the moment. One is Dean Carey, a suave and liberal-minded old gentleman, agreeably represented by Mr. Gilbert Hare. Mrs. Carey, a dear old lady who pulls his Very Reverence up every time he thinks he will have a little drop of something, is daintily played by Miss Nina Boucicault. Another guest is Sir Nevil Moreton, Bart., whom Beatrice has promised to marry.

IN the course of the conversation Le Briquet drops now and then into his native tongue, when the English idiom is too much for him at the moment. I understand that Mr. du Maurier's French accent has been rather adversely criticised by a section of the Press, and I have read Mr. du Maurier's reply, and that is all there is to be said about it here. It is while Le Briquet and the Dean are discussing the absorbing topic above referred to, that Laura arrives on the scene. You don't know Laura, so I must tell you about her. She calls to see Beatrice and a message comes back that Beatrice is—not at home: Laura shrugs her shoulders and is prepared to take the snub philosophically, but Le Briquet begs that he may be allowed to understan-

why this entirely charming lady (she is played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite) is, as it were, to be pushed off the doorstep so unceremoniously. *Ah, mais voyons donc!* And so the dismal truth comes out. Laura once ran away from a husband she didn't love, with a man she did love. The turtle doves went to South Africa and started a farm, and though the wives of the other settlers turned their noses up at Laura because she had no marriage lines, she was very happy, counting the world well lost for love, as the poet says.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS LAURA WESTONBY

EMILY BROOKE AS BEATRICE AUDLEY

LE BRIQUET agrees entirely with Laura, for after all, love is all that matters. *Vive l'amour, quoi?* Unfortunately for Laura her man died before the farm could become self-supporting, and she was thrown out into the cold hard world friendless and alone. Her object in calling on her old friend Beatrice, was to get a little help, but no doubt Beatrice is right, and Laura drifts sadly away, but not until Le Briquet has taken her by the hand and given her his personal assurance that she did quite rightly in abandoning her husband for a man she loved more deeply. He thinks Beatrice is a Prude, and don't they say that a Prude goes before a fall, or something of that sort? In fact he feels rather inclined to engineer that part of the programme himself. Beatrice obviously cares for him a little in spite of her engagement to Sir Nevil Moreton, and he decides to give her a little encouragement accordingly.

EMILY BROOKE AS BEATRICE AUDLEY. AND GERALD DU MAURIER

A MONTH passes away and we come to the second act. Beatrice has invited the Dean and his wife to dinner, but when they arrive the servants say that she went to London two days ago and has not yet returned. Now what could she have gone to London for? Sir Nevil is obviously a little jealous, and the Dean and his wife in the effort to console him, simply, as it were, push him a little farther into the fire. Sir Nevil telephones to the hotel in London at which Beatrice usually stays. Word comes back that the lady in question is not staying at that hotel. Sir Nevil gets still more worried. And where's that dam foreigner? He has been away for the last two days, just as Beatrice has. Mr. Franklin Dyall, who takes this part, gives an extraordinarily convincing picture of the lover racked with jealous fears. It is a remarkably able performance in every way. And just as matters have reached a climax, in strolls Captain Le Briquet with the smiling assurance that he has just arrived from—Bath. At that, Sir Nevil tells him right out that he's a liar.

LE BRIQUET shrugs his shoulders. In his view Sir Nevil's brief assertion is a point to be debated. Let us consider it. When you come to think of it, all men are liars. David said so, did he not? *Eh, bien!* if Le Briquet is a liar he after all merely shares a quality that is common to us all. *Voilà tout!* Sir Nevil is convinced that Le Briquet knew that Beatrice was in London and followed her there. As it happens the facts are the other way about. It was Beatrice who followed Le Briquet to London; for by this time she has fallen a victim to his irresistible

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

charm. Only, of course, in these cases you never give the girl away, but take all the blame on yourself. Shortly after that Beatrice arrives, and breaks off her engagement with Sir Nevil, and everybody is very much upset except Captain Le Briquet who sees, as it were, the moving finger of fate beginning to point in his direction with a most satisfactory emphasis.

And it is so. A little later he takes Beatrice's head on his shoulder and tells the story of his undying affection for her, and she says she loves him very dearly indeed, and he asks her when it shall be, and she says that the wedding can take place within a few weeks at latest. This ingenuous remark makes Le Briquet start with astonishment. He had not been thinking of marriage at all. *Ah, mais, pour si peu de chose, parbleu!* He is a globe-trotter and is not a man enamoured of the domestic hearth. *Napoo! No bon!* Beatrice is naturally very much shocked and hurt. What Le Briquet suggests is, of course, impossible. And yet . . . Le Briquet takes tender leave of her, and says he will give her a little time to think it over.

In the third act the Prude has become the prey of passion. She has arrived in London prepared to run away with Le Briquet as soon as he shall call at the hotel to claim her. Having made her resolve she begins to ask for opinions on the subject, and invites the despised and rejected Laura of the first act, to call and advise her as to her choice of destiny.

It is to be noted that when Laura wanted help it was not given; but when Beatrice is in trouble, Laura is on the spot with a few of the kind words that never die, at a moment's notice. Laura at once takes the view that Beatrice must not do this thing. For herself, she does not regret what she did, and if it were to do all over again, Laura would not hesitate, in spite of all that she has had to be and to suffer. But Beatrice could never stand up against a censorious world successfully. She would go under in the fight.

Then the dear old Dean comes to the hotel. Beatrice tells him it is not a bit of good his trying to butt in, because she is determined to go to her dear André whom she adores. And so the tale goes on. The moral seems to be that in these days you can't be too careful, and that the most strait-laced women are at the mercy of the heel of Achilles. The story is well told and the acting is on a very high level indeed; while the dialogue is for the most part refreshingly brilliant. JINGLE.

MILLIONAIRE "BAUERS."

BY THE BYSTANDER-LOST-IN-BRANDENBURG

THE Bystander - Lost - in - Brandenburg scrawls this beneath a weeping willow near the pale blue Havel, forty miles from Bad-Berlin. Ducks quack; cows low; and the Bystander ruminates over his plan to squeeze an Indemnity out of Prussland by attacking the assets of the Farmer. The "Bauer"! The "Bauer" is Prussland's multi-millionaire. The "Bauer" is stout, rosy, exuberant. His acres are free of mortgage; his heart is free of care; he has land, horses, cows, pigs, motor-cycles, fine clothes, sofas with architectonic "Umbaus" and pianos.

YES; he has evening-dress and kid-gloves. He has patent-leather boots that would make the feet of a Prussic Privy Councillor water (whose whole sour salary of twenty thou. marks wouldn't pay for twenty pairs of the "Bauer's" coruscating boots).

FIRST thing the Bystander-in-Brandenburg noticed when he reached the "Bauer's" countryside is its demonstrative, insolent prosperity. Blear-eyed, frayed-shirted Bad-Berlin ceased to exist. In front of the Bystander splash in the chill blue Havel half a dozen urchins that look like advertisements of Mellin's, or somebody else's food. They are impertinently over-fed.

WHEN they crawl out of the stream they don on their oozy feetlets holeless socks, and thrust these into solid, patchless boots. Their Frau Mutter hails them. She, too, is fat, rosy, unruffled. She can never have heard of the so-called War. Perhaps her brother or her hubby was tanked to pancakes at Neuve Chapelle; but against that, remember, the price of her butter, illicitly sold, has risen 2,500 per cent.; her meat has risen 3,000; and the mortgage on the farm's been paid off.

IN a no way attractive village the wandering Bystander saw a christening. The christeners emerged from a stucco farmhouse (all Prussic farmhouses are stucco). They counted twenty males. All were farmers, and all wore brand-new frock-coats (that dull compromise the "Englischer cutawai" has not yet reached Brandenburg), They had silk hats. To sophisticated Bystander eye they looked ridiculous. But the laugh was on their side. For such a nobby turn-out costs 10,000 marklets: and only the "Bauer" can pay that. He, thrifty man, pays it because he's rolling in cash; and because in social matters he's overwhelmingly "korrekt"; and would not feel merry even at a funeral unless the latest thing in silk hats decked his brachycephalic skull.

THE wandering Bystander entered some farmhouses. Comfort! You'd expect that. But luxury? Well, every one of the humble-haughty "Bauer" country-seats was far more expensively, and no wise more tastelessly, furnished than a Bad-Berlin stock-broker's twelve-room flat. Even the small farmer sports a piano. And why shouldn't he?

IN every beer-spattered *Wirthaus* you hear how Farmer Stiefelschnauz paid 17,000 marks for a pony, because Frau Farmer Stiefelschnauz refused to drive to church behind that plough-jade Antonia; and how Farmer Sauerwein bought a shiny victoria because Frau Farmer Sauerwein was jealous of Frau Farmer Stiefelschnauz. Or because she wanted to *épater* the Herr Pastor. Incidentally, the hungry Herr Pastor, possessing a sterile University education instead of a fecund pig-sty, drags out his year's existence on a fourth of what Herr Sauerwein paid for his victoria; and his only plethoric moments are when weddings, funerals, and other jovial festivals of profiteering "Bauers" fill his pastoral tummy with turkey and pork.

EVERYTHING in Prussland that's really worth having is passing into the "Bauer's" hands. Land, houses, stock, food, furniture, clothes, pianos (gramophones are mere middle-class). The explanation is that a vicious Republican Government requisitions food products at low maximum prices, and so ruins the "Bauer." You read it in the country papers. And it's true. With the qualification that as the "Bauer" couldn't possibly raise rye, pork, and butter at the prices which the requisitioning authorities allow, he sells those innocents only a fourth of his produce, and disposes of three-fourths by "Schleichhandel."

HE smuggles, that is, the three-fourths into Bad-Berlin surreptitiously; and sells it to profiteers who refuse to live for a week on their ration of one ounce of butter and seven ounces of embalmed Yankee corpse. "The 'Bauer' is ruined," groans his effective defence organisation, "The League of Farmers." But the "Bauer" chuckles, travels haughtily second-class to Bad-Berlin; unloads a hundredweight of butter on rich men in the Kurfuerstendamm at eighty marks a kilo; and comes home with a new silk hat for the christening of Farmer Holzkopf's eighth.

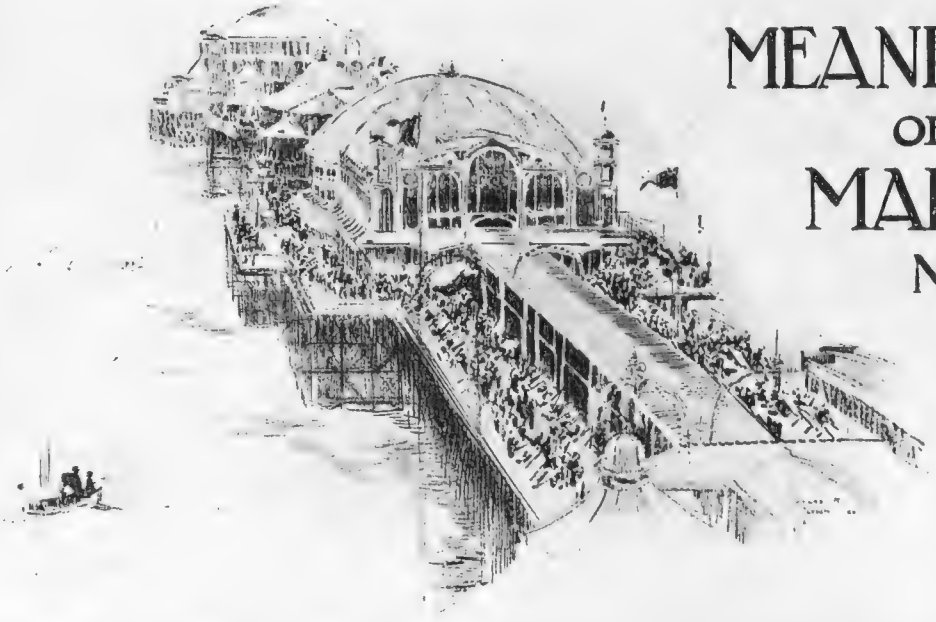
OR he drops in on the Friedrich-Wilhelm Hypothecation Co., and pays off the mortgage. That's easy. For whereas in unsuspecting 1914 the Company lent him 10,000 *gold* marks, which it would take ten years' savings to pay off, to-day he pays the Company back 10,000 *paper* marks, which is the loot from a dozen butter deals in the Kurfuerstendamm. Naturally, the "Bauer" is a millionaire; naturally the "Bauer" is the only Pruss from whom a Reparations Commission could extract sixpence; and naturally Bad-Berlin's Pooles and Lincoln Bennetts look to their "Bauer" patrons, and not to the threadbare dudes of Wilhelmstrasse, when business gets a bit dull.

A Royal Guest and His Hostess

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

THE DUKE OF YORK WITH THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

His Royal Highness recently spent a week-end at Wilton House, Salisbury, for the partridge shooting. He is here seen chatting with his hostess after a day's sport



MEANDERINGS OF A MARTIAN NO. 6.

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"The Bystander's" Special Commissioner from Mars Visits BRIGHTON

I WILL tell you now that I have been taken to a place called Brighton. Some friends, who claim to know my tastes better than I know them myself, told me I must go there by road: but, after I had travelled a little way in a car without horses, I had to say that I did not like it, and that I would rather go by a steam train, to which I am more accustomed. So I was put in a train marked L.B.S.C., and I travelled in greater comfort, and was in Brighton long before the car with my friends arrived there.

I WAS taken to what they called the "Front," though, as it is the spot where Brighton ends and the sea begins, I think it should be called the Back. But I am no more than a stranger among you, and I cannot pretend to know your language better than you know it yourselves. The first thing I noticed about Brighton was that everybody seemed very desirous that I should go away from it as soon as possible. Outside the railway station a strange man came to me, and said that a car was just leaving for a place called East Bourne: and as soon as I reached the "Front" several other men urged me to go from there to places many miles away. Yet I could not see that they had any reason to be ashamed of their city by the sea. One man was very sure that what I wanted was to join a party just starting for a place called the "Devil's Dyke." But I would not go because I have been told that the individual in question is an undesirable acquaintance, and any property of his must, therefore, be equally so.

I HAVE been to some places by the sea since I came on Earth where the sands were still littered with paper bags and rubbish left by trippers of the day before, and where there was in the air itself evidence that great numbers of not very nice people had been there but a few hours since. But at

"I had to say that I did not like it"

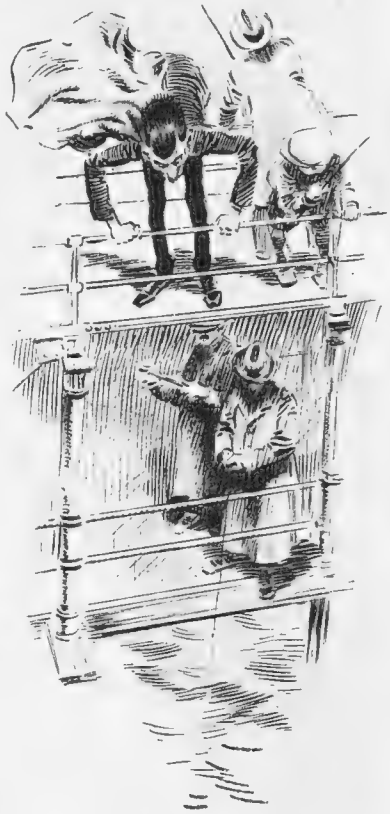
"It seemed to me that they would have been jollier ashore"

Brighton, even at the end of the summer season, it is sweet and clean as if some mighty broom had swept along the beach and left nothing but the wave-washed stones behind it. These stones are very uncomfortable to walk on, and still more unpleasant if you use them as a seat, yet I saw many people lying at full length on them as if they made the most comfortable couch that could be imagined.

I was shown a large sailing vessel called the *Skylark*, though I should have thought that as it floated on the sea it should have been named after a fish and not after a bird. A man with a loud voice shouted for a long time that everybody was going for a jolly sail; but, later on, when I saw the people climbing limply out of the vessel, it seemed to me that they would have been jollier ashore. This was an unpleasant spectacle, so I turned to the Aquarium, on the façade of which was exhibited a large notice over the front door, "Fish Fed Daily at 12 and 3."

The Aquarium pleased me very much, as it enabled me to nurse the impression that I was walking under the sea among the fishes and the anemones, as we often do in Mars. Since I have been on Earth, however, I find I cannot breathe easily under water. I am surprised that with so much water on Earth the learned among you do not discover a way to enable men to live under the sea.

On the Palace Pier I saw a number of men standing on the first and second floors, with long poles, from which lines were suspended. I asked what they were doing, and was told that the men were catching fish. I think, however, if that had been the case I should have seen the fish, but although I waited a very long time out of curiosity I did not see any fishes caught. In Mars we do not catch fish in this way. We electrify the water round about us so that the fish jump out of their own accord into our baskets. In that way you can catch more than by hooking them out of the water one at a time, especially as, if they do not choose to come, you cannot compel them to do so.



"I was told that the men were catching fish"

"You meet all sorts of strange people at some of the large hotels"

My friends took me to a small, but beautifully furnished, hotel some distance from the sea, and when I asked why they did not take me to one of the large hotels that I had seen I was told that you meet all sorts of strange people at

MEANDERINGS OF A MARTIAN (*concluded*)

"I was much pleased at the sight of so many young people riding"

some of them. You may meet a friend who has his wife with him, and one week she will be tall and fair and another week she will be short and dark. It is, I suppose, the effect of the climate. At the hotel at which I stayed, however, most of the guests seemed known to each other, and were very ceremonious: and the men brought the same wives with them every time.

I WAS much pleased at the sight of so many young people riding along the roads on horseback. They came along in groups of a dozen or so, and looked very happy and well. I like horses more than I like these mechanical cars, which, indeed, I do not care for at all. But, best of all, I like to journey afoot.

THUS it was that I broke away from my friends and sauntered from the east end of Brighton to the west end of a place called Hove, where the streets are bright and broad and clean. It was in Hove that I passed a great gasworks that had been built beside a church, the graveyard of which, to judge by the many headstones, was full of people that are dead. I do not know how gas is made, but I think if I had to be buried I would choose a spot a little farther removed from the commercial activities of the town.

IT was in Hove that I suddenly came upon the Town Hall, a dreadful building of dull red brick. I did not like to look at it too long or too closely for fear I might see it again in my dreams and scream in the night.

I HAVE been told that Hove is very dull and respectable, while Brighton is certainly not dull. The hotels I have seen there are like palaces, in which, I have heard, guests are treated like kings and charged like ordinary people. And there are places at Brighton where you may dance, while at Hove I should think they would consider it tremendously worldly to go to a temperance meeting after dark. I should very much prefer Brighton if I had to live in those parts for ever.

IN Brighton I went to a place called the Royal Pavilion, which, I am told, was built in honour of a great Prince. I think if I had been the great Prince for whom it had been built I should have considered it a very doubtful compliment. It seemed to me to be the kind of place one would think of after taking a lot of rich food that subsequently created an internal riot and made one feel very reckless indeed.

"I found in Brighton—many parks"

I FOUND in Brighton not only a wonderful promenade by the sea, but also many parks, with lovely shrubs and flowers and trees, and plenty of green lawns and open spaces, where the air is clean and good. In one of the open spaces, which they call the Victoria Gardens, there are placed five allegorical statues. One of them represents Truth, and I could not help observing that this statue is much discoloured and besmirched. As an allegory for the times it seemed to me to be complete.

MTAMSC OF MARS'

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"THAT DEAR OLD BRITISH PUBLIC"

A "Top"-ping Show: "The Whirligig" at

VIOLET LORAINE
With the "Palace" girls in the Indian scene

ANITA ELSON AND CHORUS IN "SLOW AND EASY"
This song and dance scene is one of the best in the show

MARJORIE STEVENS AND MABEL GREE
The latter, on the right, in "The Birth of a Butter

"The Whirligig," Mr. Albert de Courville's production at the Palace Theatre, now in its S this Revue's popularity seems to be changeless; at that, we take it, the reader who looks a

the Palace Whirls on in a Second Edition

NANCY HASTINGS
In one of the new "Butterfly" costumes by Willoughby

VIOLET LORAINE AS "BY JINGO," THE INDIAN GIRL
In whatever revue she appears Miss Loraine is a host in herself, for she has "a wonderful way with her"

y"

Second Edition, continues to whirl merrily on. Scenes and dresses have been changed, but pon this page, which portrays some of the new scenes and dresses, will be by no means surprised

JOHN SMITH, Limited

BY RADCLIFFE MARTIN

I FEEL quite out of it in these days. My friends are growing hourly richer by selling each other shares. The papers are so full of prospectuses that one turns desperately to the political speeches for sane and sober statements. And I have not a chance to profiteer. I have, therefore, decided to float myself as a limited company.

You are, therefore, invited to apply for shares in

JOHN SMITH, LIMITED

CAPITAL, £100,000

Divided into fifty thousand one pound seven per cent. preference shares, free of income tax (free of income tax will catch 'em nowadays), and one million shilling ordinary shares. (The public love a cheap share. Like to say to their friends "I bought five hundred John Smith's to-day." I did think of a 1*s.* 11¾*d.* share for ladies, but I feared the Stock Exchange would kick at the farthings.)

DIRECTORS

John Smith, Esq., M.C., The Laurels, Lower Tooting.

Gladys Jones, The Myrtles, Lower Tooting (to join the board and act as joint-managing director after successful allotment and marriage).

BROKERS: Messrs. (firm which will do the job for smallest number of shares).

SOLICITORS: Messrs. (firm which will do the job for smallest number of shares).

BANKERS: Bank of England. (None of your second-rate banks for my money.)

The object of the company is to finance Mr. John Smith. (Really, I ought to get the O.B.E. for such a frank statement in a prospectus.)

The prosperity of the famous house of John Smith is shown by the following figures of income:

1916 (schoolboy)—£30.
1917 (2nd Loot)—£170.
1918 (Captain)—£250.
1919 (demobbed)—£1,002 (including £1,000 won on the Cambridgeshire and £2 net winnings at poker).

If, as is only reasonable, the earnings of the company go on increasing in the same proportion, John Smith, Limited, will earn in

1920.—£4,000.
1921.—£16,000.
1922.—£64,000.
1923.—£256,000.

To pay seven per cent. free of tax on the preference shares will take £5,000. Thus in 1921 a balance of £11,000 will be available for the ordinary shareholders and remuneration of directors.

In 1923 it is practically certain, if figures are to be relied on, that a dividend of five shillings will be declared on each shilling ordinary share.

Mr. John Smith gives all his goodwill without charge to the company.

Particular attention is drawn to the accompanying medical certificate:

"I have to-day examined Mr. John Smith, and find him to be in every way a first-class life. His constitution has not been undermined by toil, and given a continuation of the same comfortable circumstances (which the promotion of your company is likely to ensure), I have every confidence in predicting that Mr. John Smith will live to a green old age."—J. MARCUS SPRIGGE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

The Director will go to allotment on a minimum application of one hundred shares.

CONTRACTS.—In consideration of the sum of £50 advanced for advertising purposes, preferential allotment of fifty ordinary and fifty preference shares will be given to Miss Jemima Smith, of Hucklow, Minor, Aunt of the Managing Director.

After all it isn't much worse than the rest of them, is it?

Try your luck, boys!

ANOTHER "YELLOW PERIL"! BY JOSEPH LEE

FUTURIST: "That's a sketch I did while I was abroad. I call it 'A Japanese Interior'"

FRIEND: "G'lord, no wonder the poor blighters are yellow with an inside like that!"

Reforming the Dance

BY HEATH ROBINSON

The Congregational Union has recently given a qualified approval to dancing. If Mr. Heath Robinson's suggestions were carried out, we feel sure that the dance would meet with the enthusiastic support of even the most puritanically minded

The Cultivation of Water Cycling

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE NEAR FUTURE

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

"He has refuged himself in the cage of the *ascenseur*"

"POLITESSE FRANÇAISE"

MES AMIS—

FOR the second time this year we have all lunched at the Restaurant des Reservoirs to elect a new President of our Republic. As it was a good lunch, and a good day, and everyone who is not very Bolshevic says that we have got a good President, it has been a pleasant election. Still, it was the same in the spring when we have elected the poor Deschanel, and in this funny country of France one is never sure what will happen. What is certain is that nothing ever happens exactly as it looks.

ONE is always having that experience. There was, for instance, my friend Jules, who has married a woman who has had a *dot* of a million, and was not any longer very young. When one has commiserated with Jules that she was not very young, he has said, "*Eh bien*, one has a million and one will not have any babies." The poor fellow! Only yesterday he has written to me to demand that I shall be the godfather of one of his twins.

UP in Montmartre, too, there are some nights ago there has been a burglar who has had an experience which was not what he has expected. With his friends he has gone to steal a motor-car in a garage, which is now a very usual occupation of our burglars. When they have entered, and it has been all quiet, suddenly they have heard someone who has tried to enter by another door. *Quoi faire?* Their chief has been brave. "The police," he has whispered. "Get out and I will hold them back."

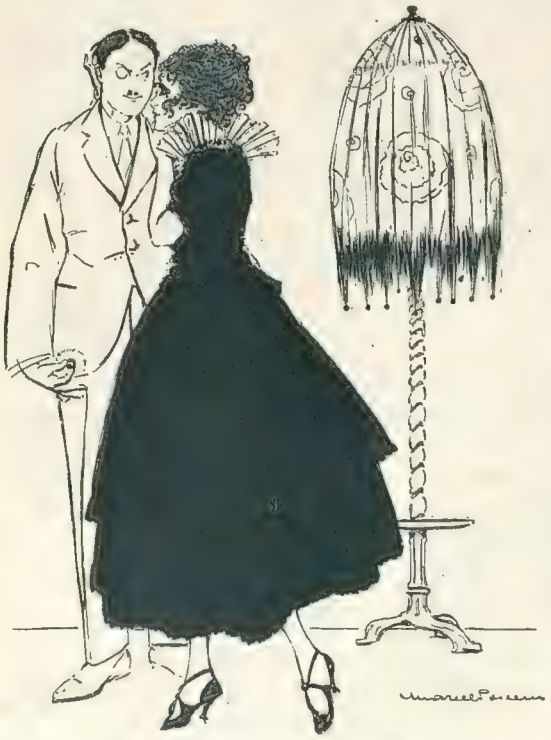
THEN with his revolver he has waited. It has been very quiet except for the little noise of someone at the door. How long the seconds have been, as when one made a noise on a night patrol and waited for the Boche sentry to fire! At last the door moves itself, and someone comes in. "*Tiens*," said the burglar aloud, "it is my old friend, Armand. *Bon soir, mon vieux*, what are you doing here?"

ARMAND, too, has had a surprise. "But see," he said, "my friends and I have come to take away this motor-car about which I see you are busy. Of course, as you are the first arrivals, we would not think for the world to disturb you. *Bonne chance.* We will go somewhere else. There are always plenty motor-cars to take."

THOSE who say that the French politeness does not exist should consider well that little story. To me it shows how gallantry

"*Bonne Chance.* We will go somewhere else"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)



"His *petite amie*, has kissed him"

is not forgotten in this time of so wretched commerce, when our poor franc is of the value of two sous, and to obtain a packet of cigarettes at the *bistro* one must every night drink two glasses of cognac.

THERE are those who say that our Apaches and burglars get worse now than they were even before the War. But there are always those who complain. To me it has the appearance that there is much sense in the complaint which the furniture removers have made, who have been sent to prison because they forgot to ask the owner whether he wished his furniture removed before they did the work.

THEY have arrived with their van, and demanded to take away the furniture of Monsieur X, who was not yet returned from his holidays. And when they have been arrested they have said it was all the fault of the War. There are now so few people who have their furniture removed because they cannot find a new apartment that the poor fellows could not make an honest living, and, as they did not know any other trade than to remove furniture, they had to do it without asking whether the owner really wished his furniture removed.

INSTEAD of reading the political news, which every day becomes more boring, it is always amusing to read our little crimes. From the journal of to-day, I read how in the street next to mine there has been a burglar who has been seen, and he has refuged himself in the cage of the *ascenseur*. When the people have tried to catch him he has mounted up a story, and when they have run up the stairs he has again descended. For half an hour in the night they have chased him up and down, and then in the end they have got the firemen to come and capture the poor fellow, who had already collected the little fortune of ten thousand francs' worth of jewels.

IN the next paragraph there is a story of a gentleman who has arrived at the shop of a jeweller in the Place Vendôme in a beautiful auto. How everyone has pressed themselves to serve him, because our French people can never be suspicious if one is well dressed and has some decorations in his buttonhole. Unfortunately, they have not this time succeeded to make him buy, and it has been only after he has left that they have found how a brooch of diamonds, which they have said has been worth thirty thousand francs, has also disappeared. Now they look very hard for the gentleman, and also, perhaps, for his *petite amie*, who has kissed him when he has given her so beautiful a *cadeau*.

YOU will think, perhaps, that Paris has become a very dangerous place to live in, but, of course, that is not true. It is only occasionally that our Apaches are so foolish as to kill anyone, and then they usually kill one of themselves, like some of them did one night in Montmartre, and then went to the home of his family and knocked at the door, and said; "Madame, we are very sorry that we come to tell you that your son, who was our friend, is now dead. You will find him at the corner of the street. *Bon soir.*"

"We begin again to dance"

MEANWHILE, in the other world we begin again to dance and to amuse ourselves, Gi-Gi, who does not interest herself in the crime as I do, has just demanded of what I write. "Oh, that," she says, "is not amusing. Tell them that every one begins to plan a new affair of the love in order to pass the winter. It is of that they think, because, my friend, it is the only thing which is not entirely dull."

PHILIPPE.

Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. I.—STOW-AWAY HEAVY BOAT DRILL

A Last Resort

(Canon Langbridge, writing in To-Day, *" can admit no legitimate reason why we should not have poems made to men."*)

CHLOE, I much regret that you,
Unsung, will have to rub along,
For I am quite unable to
Produce the customary song
In which your thrilling charms are staged—
Your bard is otherwise engaged!

Raising, *pro tem.*, my tuneful voice,
Brushing aside rebuffs and checks,
In poesy extremely choice
I now propose to hymn MY sex,
Forgetting for a little while
The fact that " only man is vile."

I shall extol his comely form;
His generosity (when flush);
His heart, so tender, faithful, warm;
His modesty (observe this blush!):
The contours of his cheek and lip—
Believe me, I shall let it rip!

But stay! By doubt I am beset—
Though qualities so passing fair
Are not uncommon singly, yet
The combination may be rare.
No matter! Duty calls (and pelf)—
I'll write a poem to myself!

E. L. ROBERTS.

By CRAWFORD YOUNG

UNTHINKABLE!

If the man who is always borrowing books should bring them all back at once

"The Wail of a Proletarian"

HUSH! I was a Proletarian,
And spelt with a capital P:
And the ultimate Cause (and effect) of all laws
Was I—for Myself—through Me.

Yes, I was a Proletarian,
And cared not a twopenny d:
For the stoutest alliance for sloth or defiance,
Thought I was myself plus Me.

So I, as a Proletarian,
Collected Myselves for a spree,
And assembled them all into Unity Hall—
Double I plus Myself plus Me.

But this democratic progression
Harmonical proved to be;
My denominator and my numerator
Changed places, inverting my Me.

So the more, as a Proletarian,
I multiplied, don't you see,
Though hour by hour the greater my power,
Somehow there was less of Me.

They dare not oppress two million:
Ten million soon I'll be,
With shelves upon shelves of duplicate selves
Of an infinitesimal Me.

So that's what's a Proletarian,
When he joins to himself to be free:
Then alone let me stand, holding nobody's hand—
I (minus myself or me).

E. WYNNE HICKIE

"THERE WAS A LOVER—AND ALAS!"

BY H. EDMUNDS

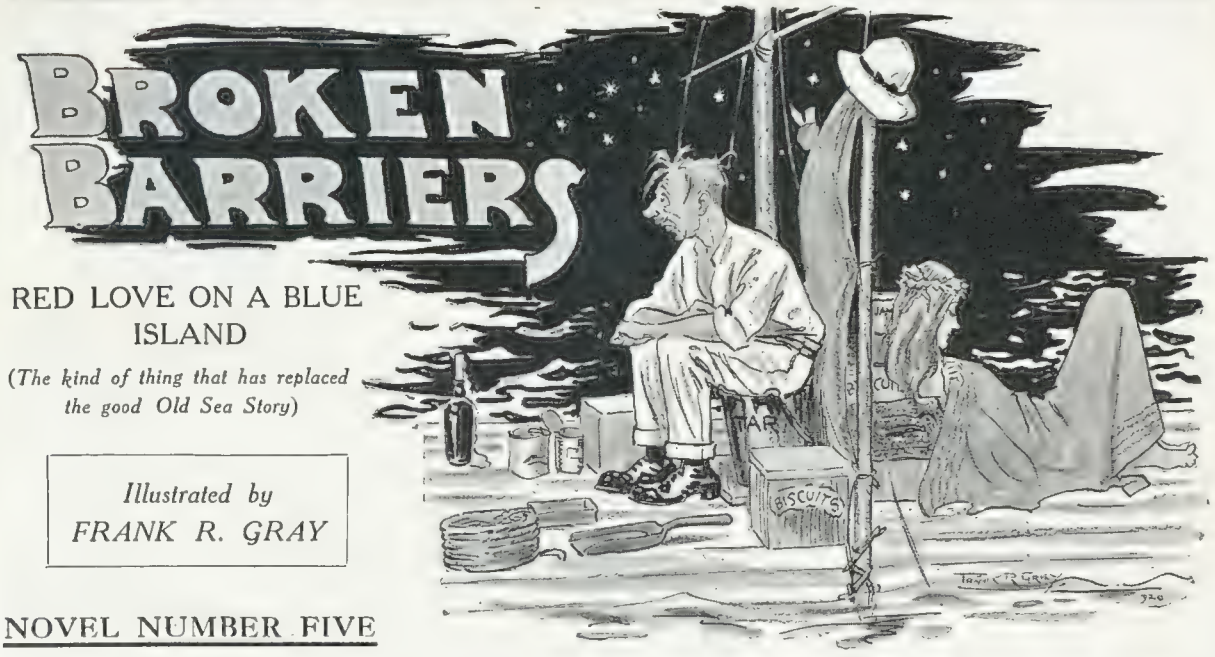
Misunderstood!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

HE: "I'm looking for a wife"
SHE: "When did she make off?"

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



RED LOVE ON A BLUE ISLAND

(The kind of thing that has replaced the good Old Sea Story)

Illustrated by
FRANK R. GRAY

NOVEL NUMBER FIVE

It was on a bright August afternoon that I stepped on board the steamer *Patagonia* at Southampton, outward bound for the West Indies and the port of New Orleans.

I had at the time no presentiment of disaster. I remember remarking to the ship's purser, as my things were being carried to my stateroom, that I had never in all my travels entered upon any voyage with so little premonition of accident. "Very good, Mr. Borus," he answered, "you will find your stateroom in the starboard aisle on the right." I distinctly recall remarking to the captain that I had never, in any of my numerous seafarings, seen the sea of a more limpid blue. He agreed with me so entirely, as I recollect it, that he did not even trouble to answer.

Had any one told me on that bright summer afternoon that our ship would within a week be wrecked among the Dry Tortugas, I should have laughed. Had anyone informed me that I should find myself alone on a raft in the Caribbean Sea, I should have gone into hysterics.

We had hardly entered the waters of the Caribbean when a storm of unprecedented violence broke upon us. Even the Captain had never, so he said, seen anything to compare with it. For two days and nights we encountered and endured the full fury of the sea. Our soup plates were secured with racks and covered with lids. In the smoking room our glasses had to be set in brackets, and, as our steward came and went, we were from moment to moment in imminent danger of seeing him washed overboard.

On the third morning just after daybreak the ship collided with something, probably either a floating rock or one of the Dry Tortugas. She blew out her four funnels, the bowsprit dropped out of its place, and the propeller came right off. The Captain, after a brief consultation, decided to abandon her. The boats were lowered, and the sea being now quite calm the passengers were emptied into them.

By what accident I was left behind I cannot tell. I had been talking to the second mate and telling him of a rather similar experience of mine in the China Sea, and holding him by the coat as I did so, when quite suddenly he took me by the shoulders and rushing me into the deserted smoking room said, "Sit there, Mr. Borus, till I come back for you." The fellow spoke in such a menacing way that I thought it wiser to comply.

When I came out they were all gone. By good fortune I found one of the ship's rafts still lying on the deck. I gathered together such articles as might be of use and contrived, though how I do not know, to launch it into the sea.

On my second morning on my raft I was sitting quietly polishing my boots and talking to myself when I became aware of an object floating in the sea close beside the raft. Judge of my feelings when I realised it to be the inanimate body of a girl. Hastily finishing my boots and stopping talking to myself, I made shift as best I could to draw the unhappy girl towards me with a hook.

After several ineffectual attempts I at last managed to obtain a hold of the girl's clothing and drew her on to the raft.

She was still unconscious. The heavy life-belt round her person must (so I divined) have kept her afloat after the wreck. Her clothes

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

were sodden, so I reasoned, with the sea water.

On a handkerchief which was still sticking into the belt of her dress, I could see letters embroidered. Realising that this was no time for hesitation and that the girl's life might depend on my reading her name, I plucked it forth. It was Edith Croyden.

As vigorously as I could I now set to work to rub her hands. My idea was (partly) to restore her circulation. I next removed her boots which were now rendered useless, as I argued, by the sea-water, and began to rub her feet.

I was just considering what to remove next, when the girl opened her eyes. "Stop rubbing my feet," she said.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "you mistake me."

I rose, with a sense of pique which I did not trouble to conceal and walked to the other end of the raft. I turned my back upon the girl and stood looking out upon the leaden waters of the Caribbean Sea. The ocean was now calm. There was nothing in sight.

I was still searching the horizon when I heard a soft footstep on the raft behind me, and a light hand was laid upon my shoulder. "Forgive me," said the girl's voice.

I turned about. Miss Croyden, was standing behind me. She had, so I argued, removed her stockings and was standing in her bare feet. There is something, I am free to confess, about a woman in her bare feet which hits me where I live. With instinctive feminine taste the girl had twined a piece of seaweed in her hair. Seaweed, as a rule, gets me every time. But I checked myself.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "there is nothing to forgive."

At the mention of her name the girl blushed for a moment and seemed about to say something, but stopped.

"Where are we?" she queried presently.

"I don't know," I answered as cheerily as I could, "but I am going to find out."

"How brave you are!" Miss Croyden exclaimed.

"Not at all," I said, putting as much heartiness into my voice as I was able to.

The girl watched my preparations with interest.

With the aid of a bent pin hoisted on a long pole I had no difficulty in ascertaining our latitude.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "I am now about to ascertain our longitude. To do this I must lower myself down into the sea. Pray do not be alarmed or anxious. I shall soon be back."

"Sit there, Mr. Borus, till I come back for you"

With the help of a long line I lowered myself deep down into the sea until I was enabled to ascertain, approximately at any rate, our longitude. A fierce thrill went through me at the thought that this longitude was our longitude, hers and mine. On the way up, hand over hand, I observed a long shark looking at me. Realising that the fellow if voracious might prove dangerous I lost but little time, indeed, I may say I lost absolutely no time, in coming up the rope.

The girl was waiting for me. "Oh, I am so glad you have come back," she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"It was nothing," I said, wiping the water from my ears and speaking as melodiously as I could.

"Have you found our whereabouts?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Our latitude is normal but our longitude is, I fear, at least three degrees out of the plumb. I am afraid, Miss Croyden," I added, speaking as mournfully as I knew how, "that you must reconcile your mind to spending a few days with me on this raft."

"Is it as bad as that?" she murmured, her eyes upon the sea.

In the long day that followed, I busied myself as much as I could with my work upon the raft so as to leave the girl as far as possible to herself. It was, so I argued, absolutely necessary to let her feel that she was safe in my keeping. Otherwise she might jump off the raft and I should lose her.

I sorted out my various cans and tins, tested the oil in my chronometer, arranged in neat order my various ropes and apparatus and got my frying pan into readiness for any emergency. Of food we had for the present no lack.

With the approach of night I realised that it was necessary to make arrangements for the girl's comfort. With the aid of a couple of upright poles I stretched a grey blanket across the raft to make a complete partition.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "this end of the raft is yours. Here you may sleep in peace."

"How kind you are!" the girl murmured.

"You will be quite safe from interference," I added. "I give you my word that I will not obtrude upon you in any way."

"How chivalrous you are," she said.

"Not at all," I answered, as musically as I could, "understand me, I am now putting my head over this partition for the last time. If there is anything you want say so now."

(Continued on page 130)

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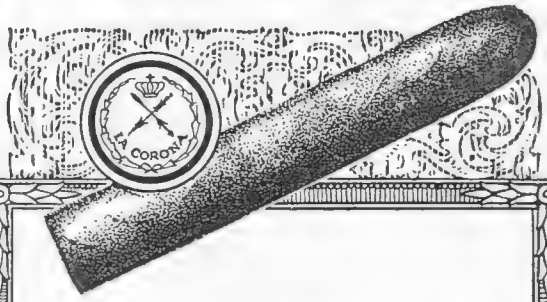

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Current News Caught Napping

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR OF THE WEEK

"Nothing," she answered.

"There is a candle and matches beside you. If there is anything that you want in the night, call me instantly. Remember, at any hour I shall be here. I promise it."

"Good night," she murmured. In a few minutes her soft regular breathing told me that she was asleep.

I went forward and seated myself on a tar bucket, with my head against the mast, to get what sleep I could.

But for some time—why I do not know—sleep would not come.

The image of Edith Croyden filled my mind. In vain I told myself that she was a stranger to me: that—beyond her longitude—I knew nothing of her. In some strange way this girl had seized hold of me and dominated my senses.

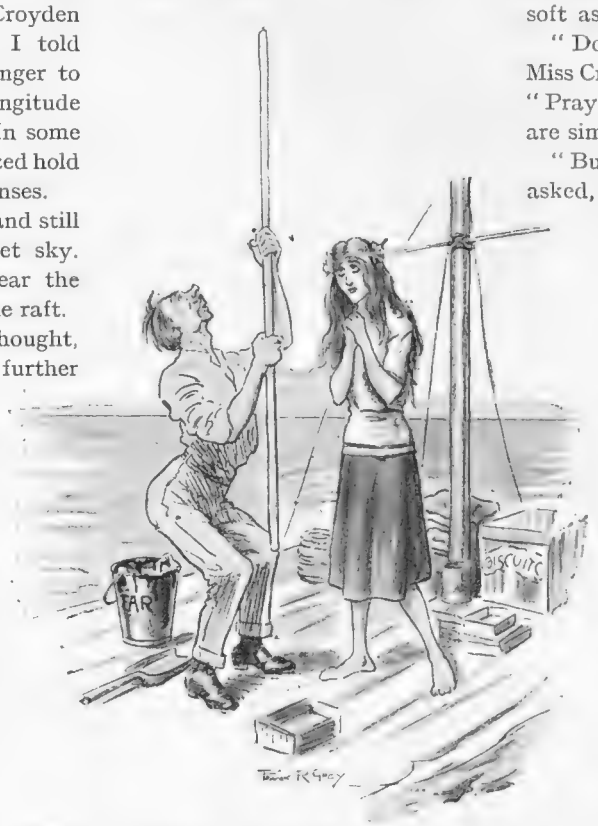
The night was very calm and still with great stars in a velvet sky. In the darkness I could hear the water lapping the edge of the raft.

I remained thus in deep thought, sinking further and further into the tar bucket. By the time I reached the bottom of it I realised that I was in love with Edith Croyden.

Then the thought of my wife occurred to me and perplexed me. Our unhappy marriage had taken place three years before. We brought to one another youth, wealth, and position. Yet our marriage was a failure. My wife—for what reason I cannot guess—seemed to find my society irksome. In vain I tried to interest her with narratives of my travels. They seemed—in some way that I could not divine—to fatigue her. "Leave me for a little, Harold," she would say (I forgot to mention that my name is Harold Borus), "I have a pain in my neck." At her own suggestion I had taken a trip around the world. On my return she urged me to go round again. I was going round for the third time when the wrecking of the steamer had interrupted my trip.

On my own part, too, I am free to confess that my wife's attitude had aroused in me a sense of pique not to say injustice. I am not in any way a vain man. Yet her attitude wounded me. I would no sooner begin, "When I was in the Himalayas hunting the humpo or humped buffalo" than she would interrupt and say, "Oh! Harold, would you mind going down to the billiard-room and seeing if I left my cigarettes under the billiard-table?" When I returned, she was gone.

By agreement we had arranged for a divorce. On my completion of my third voyage we were to meet in New Orleans. Clara was to go there on a separate ship, giving me the choice of oceans.



"With the aid of a bent pin hoisted on a long pole I had no difficulty in ascertaining our latitude"

Had I met Edith Croyden three months later I should have been a man free to woo and win her. As it was I was bound. I must put a clasp of iron on my feelings. I must wear a mask. Cheerful, helpful, and full of narrative, I must yet let fall no word of love to this defenceless girl.

After a great struggle I rose at last from the tar bucket, feeling, if not a brighter, at least a cleaner man.

Dawn was already breaking. I looked about me. As the sudden beams of the tropic sun illumined the placid sea I saw immediately before me, only a hundred yards away, an island. A sandy beach sloped back to a rocky eminence broken with scrub and jungle. I could see a little stream leaping among the rocks. With eager haste I paddled the raft close to the shore till it gound in about ten inches of water.

I leaped into the water.

With the aid of a stout line I soon made the raft fast to a rock. Then, as I turned, I saw that Miss Croyden was standing upon the raft, fully dressed, and gazing at me. The morning sunlight played in her hair and her deep blue eyes were as soft as the Caribbean Sea itself.

"Don't attempt to wade ashore, Miss Croyden," I cried, in agitation. "Pray do nothing rash. The waters are simply infested with bacilli."

"But how can I get ashore?" she asked, with a smile which showed all, or nearly all, of her pearl-like teeth.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "there is only one way. I must carry you."

In another moment I had walked back to the raft and lifted her as tenderly and reverently as if she had been my sister—indeed, more so—in my arms.

Her weight seemed nothing. When I get a girl like that in my arms I simply don't feel it. Just for one moment as I clasped her thus in my arms, a fierce thrill ran through me. But I let it run.

When I had carried her well up the sand close to the little stream, I set her down. To my surprise she sank down in a limp heap.

The girl had fainted.

I knew that it was no time for hesitation.

Running to the stream, I filled my hat with water and dashed it in her face. Then I took up a handful of mud and threw it at her with all my force. After that I beat her with my hat.

At length she opened her eyes, and sat up.

"I must have fainted," she said, with a little shiver. "I am cold. Oh! if we could only have a fire."

"I will do my best to make one, Miss Croyden," I replied, speaking

(*Continued on page 132*)

NEW METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH

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—Will Power	—Keener Observation
—Clearer Ideas	—Reliable Memory
—Imagination	—Zest for Work
—Concentration	—Initiative
—Persuasive Power	—Conversational Power
—Personality	—Optimism

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

as gymnastically as I could. "I will see what I can do with two dry sticks."

"With dry sticks?" queried the girl. "Can you light a fire with that? How wonderful you are!"

"I have often seen it done," I replied thoughtfully, "when I was hunting the humpo, or horned buffalo, in the Himalayas, it was our usual method."

"Have you really hunted the humpo?" she asked, her eyes large with interest.

"I have indeed," I said, "but you must rest; later on I will tell you about it."

"I wish you could tell me now," she said with a little moan.

Meantime I had managed to select from the driftwood on the beach two sticks that seemed absolutely dry. Placing them carefully together, in Indian fashion I then struck a match and found no difficulty in setting them on fire.

In a few moments the girl was warming herself beside a generous fire.

Together we breakfasted upon the beach beside the fire, discussing our plans like comrades.

Our meal over, I rose.

"I will leave you here a little," I said, "while I explore."

With no great difficulty I made my way through the scrub and climbed the eminence of tumbled rocks that shut in the view.

On my return Miss Croyden was still seated by the fire, her head in her hands.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "we are on an island."

"Is it inhabited?" she asked.

"Once, perhaps, but not now. It is one of the many keys of the West Indies. Here, in old buccaneering days, the pirates landed and careened their ships."

"How did they do that?" she asked, fascinated.

"I am not sure," I answered. "I think with whitewash. At any rate they gave them a good careening. But since then these solitudes are only the home of the sea-gull, the sea-mew, and the albatross.

The girl shuddered.

"How lonely!" she said.

"Lonely or not," I said with a laugh (luckily I can speak with a laugh when I want to) "I must get to work."

I set myself to work to haul up and arrange our effects. With a few stones I made a rude table and seats. I took care to laugh and sing as much as possible while at my work. The close of the day found me still busy with my labours.

"Miss Croyden," I said, "I must now arrange a place for you to sleep."

With the aid of four stakes driven deeply into the ground and with blankets strung upon them, I managed to fashion a sort of rude tent, roofless, but otherwise quite sheltered.

"Miss Croyden," I said when all was done, "go in there."

Then, with little straps which I had fastened to the blankets, I buckled her in reverently.

"Good night, Miss Croyden," I said.

"But you," she exclaimed, "where will you sleep?"

"Oh, I?" I answered speaking as exuberantly as I could, "I shall do very well on the ground. But be sure to call me at the slightest sound."

Then I went out and lay down in a patch of cactus plants.

"Nonsense Novel" No. V. will be completed in next week's issue of "The Bystander."

What Doctors say about

OSMOS

The Great British Aperient Water

OSMOS is prescribed by doctors throughout the Kingdom and many have expressed in the most gratifying terms their appreciation of its remedial power in such complaints as

CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRIC CATARRH, GOUT, LIVER CONGESTION, Etc.

A prominent physician reports that Osmos "has worked wonders with a patient suffering from Chronic Constipation."

Osmos is a perfectly safe, agreeable and certain remedy for the above disorders.

Why not try it yourself?

Sold at all Chemists and Dealers, and branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White, Ltd. 3s. per bottle or post-free on receipt of Postal Order.

Booklet F gives full particulars of Osmos. Send a postcard.

Osmos, Crown Wharf, Hayes Middlesex.

FACIAL BEAUTY RESTORED

BY

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF MODERN TIMES

Why allow middle age to take root when it may be stamped out at sight? It is a woman's duty, and a possible one, to preserve her youth and to have the marks of age and time removed from her face.

The following are a few of the facial imperfections which can be corrected permanently from within one hour. Absolutely painless and harmless. This treatment is undoubtedly the greatest foe Father Time has ever been faced with, or is ever likely to:

Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and, with the finger tips, smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience

1. Sagging Face:	*When the cheeks have drooped and facial contour is lost. (Restored in one hour)*
2. Double Chin:	*The looseness of skin and the fat accumulation are permanently removed in one hour.*
3. Loose Skin under the Eyes:	*By removing the loose skin and wrinkles the eyes are made attractive and beautiful. (Corrected in one hour)*
4. Overhanging Eyebrows:	*By tightening the superfluous skin under the eyebrows a wonderful rejuvenating effect is produced. (Corrected in one hour.)*
5. Frown between the Eyes:	*These lines are removed in 10 minutes and the face made to look pleasant once again.*
6. Lines from Nose to Mouth:	*Removed in 15 minutes.*
7. Saddle Nose:	*Corrected in 30 minutes into a perfect straight nose.*
8. Turned-up Nose:	*Straightened in 30 minutes.*
9. Outstanding Ears:	*Set back in one hour.*
10. Prominent Collar Bones:	*The hollows in neck and shoulders modelled and filled out in 30 minutes.*
Etc.	Etc Etc.

If you are interested in the latest scientific methods for restoring Facial Beauty, you are invited to call for a free consultation. Over 6,000 cases successfully treated, including the smartest women of Europe. Established 1907. *Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.*

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE, 17, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.1

THE PASTIMES OF PAST TIMES

The "Armed Race" as run 1453 B.C.

The love of sport is not a new-born passion. There were national pastimes 3,000 years ago, for authentic records tell us that huge crowds assembled to witness Olympic Games in Greece in 1453 B.C.

Every nation of every era has had its popular sport. Nowadays we look to the *Turf* to provide us with our greatest pleasure. Just as a horse typifies our national pastime, so the *winged* white horse of Turf cigarettes signifies the premier favourite among smokers.

Biggest and best, mild and mellow, Turf "Big" are recognised by millions of smokers as the most economical cigarette.

Of high-class tobacconists everywhere.

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TURF

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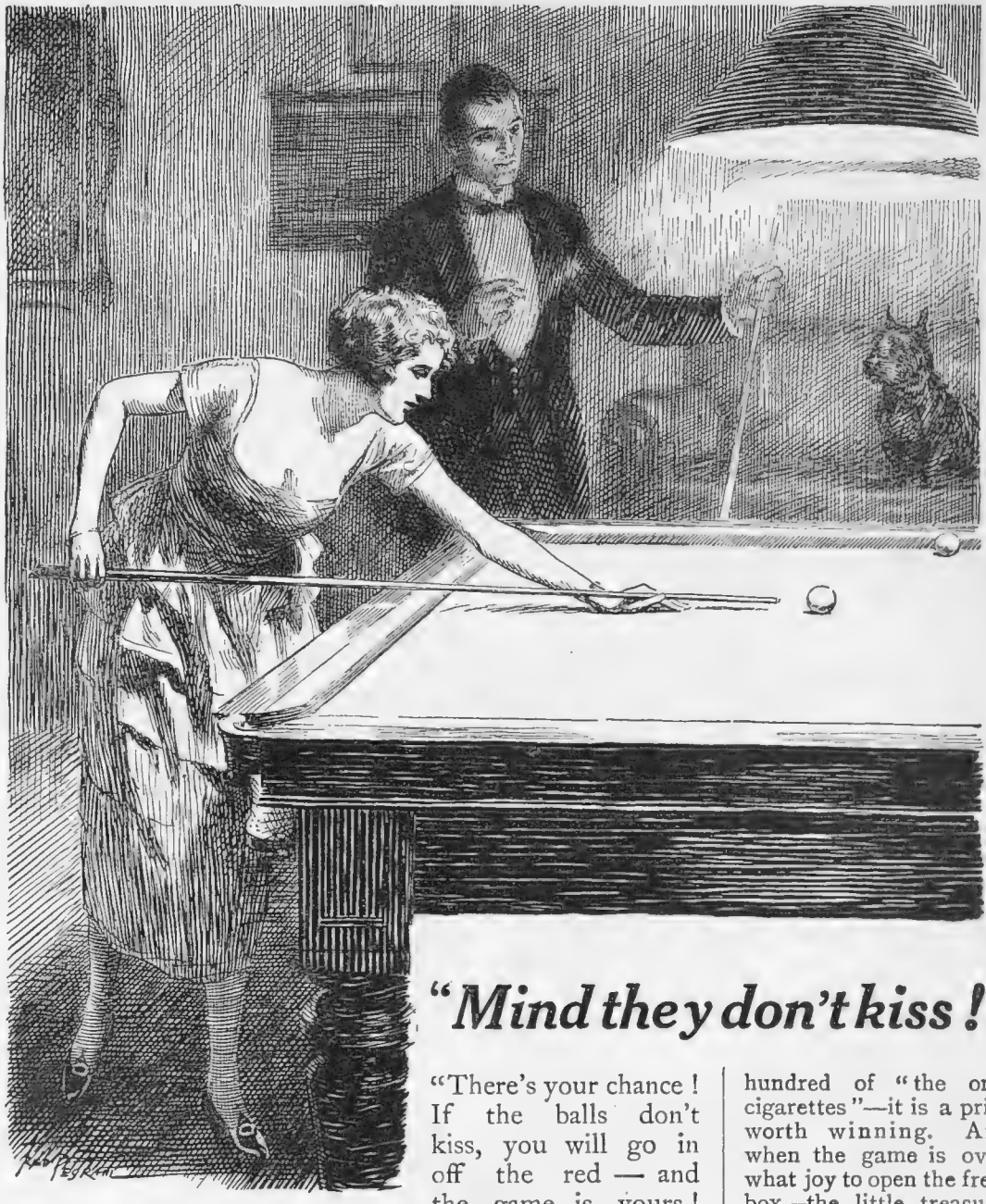

"Mind they don't kiss!"

"There's your chance! If the balls don't kiss, you will go in off the red — and the game is yours! Make it a good shot. Don't forget we're playing for a box of Kenilworths."

Needless to say, she *did* make it a good shot after that reminder. A hundred of "the only cigarettes"—it is a prize worth winning. And when the game is over, what joy to open the fresh box—the little treasure-casket of those mellow golden Virginias. How delightful to sit together and watch the delicious aromatic smoke of the two Kenilworths curling up and mixing . . . . in little lazy puffs . . . .

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf, yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20, 3/8 for 50, 7/4 for 100.

Kenilworth Cigarettes

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Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes and Tobacco.

GAMES and PASTIMES

DISTINGUISHED EVEN IN DEFEAT — P. ALLIS—

An assistant at the Royal Porthcawl Club, who in the "News of the World" tournament at Mid-Surrey last week was only beaten by the great Abe Mitchell at the 21st hole

SPORT AND THE BETTING DANGER

The Baseball Revelations

THERE are certain games which I find it difficult to take very seriously. Baseball is one of them, although it is the national game, or one of the national games, of America. Consequently, when I read that certain professional baseball players have, on their own admission, "sold" matches to bookmakers who could afford to pay them very handsomely for so doing, I am inclined to be amused rather than disgusted. In a game which depends for its popularity not so much upon such merits as it happens to possess as a game as upon boosting, betting, and ballyragging, you must look to find crooks on the field as well as off it. We are told that this is the first time that such malpractices have occurred in "big" games; but this, besides leaving us to guess what has happened in the "little" ones, may only mean that it is the first time they have been found out.

A Warning

NEVERTHELESS, these revelations should serve to remind us that the danger of crooked betting is a very real one. The recent Turf frauds in this country have furnished a similar warning. Association football is a much finer game than baseball, and, therefore, far more worth following for its own sake. But professional Association football is not altogether free from artificiality, and it would be foolish to ignore the fact that it is becoming more and more a vehicle for the activities of the professional betting man. It is up to those who control the affairs of the game to safeguard its purity by every means in their power.

Photographs *Sport and General*

—AND JAMES OCKENDEN (Raynes Park)

Who defeated two redoubtable opponents in James Braid and George Duncan (the open champion) before going down to Mitchell by 2 and 1. The tournament is the most important event in professional golf after the open championship

HOCKEY

A Proposed New Rule

ALTHOUGH the rules of hockey have undergone no alteration since the War—a sufficient proof that there cannot be anything very much the matter with them—I hear that certain reformers are advocating the substitution of a hit-in for a roll-in from touch. The idea appears to have originated in the Midlands, where it has been put to the test in games specially arranged for the purpose, we are told, "with success." This is a somewhat bald and unconvincing announcement, and one would like to know more definitely where the superiority of the proposed method of bringing the ball into play comes in. It seems to me that it would entirely alter the character of the game.

Too Drastic

THE principle underlying the roll-in is, I take it, that the side which sends the ball into touch should undergo a penalty, though not a heavy one, and that the award of a roll-in just about meets the case. It gives to the other side a slight advantage, similar to the advantage attaching to the throw-in in Association football. But it seems to me that if you substitute a hit-in for a roll-in you are imposing a penalty which is nearly as severe as that which is involved in the award of a free-hit, and, therefore, too severe for the needs of the occasion. I think that the majority of hockey players are quite satisfied with the existing rule, and that they will need a lot of convincing that the proposed change will have the effect of improving the game.

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

LAWN TENNIS

"World's" Championship

THE tournament (the very last of the year by the way) which is in progress this week at Queen's Club is normally that at which the covered court championships of London are competed for. On this occasion, however, the events are embellished with the high-sounding title of Covered Court Championships of the World. When the International Federation was formed before the War the first thing it did was to institute world's championships. The world's championships on grass were allocated to England, and the hard court championships to France, whilst the covered court championships were made a movable feast, and England's turn to hold them has come this year.

Superfluous Titles

THESE "world's" championship meetings have always been more trouble than they are worth. They were not really wanted at Wimbledon and America flatly refuses to recognise them. The Americans are not members of the Federation and will not join it unless these world's championships are abolished. And since a Federation which does not include one of the leading lawn tennis playing nations, if not the leading nation, of the world, is such an obvious anomaly it is quite on the cards that the Americans will get their way.

Photograph *Sport and General*

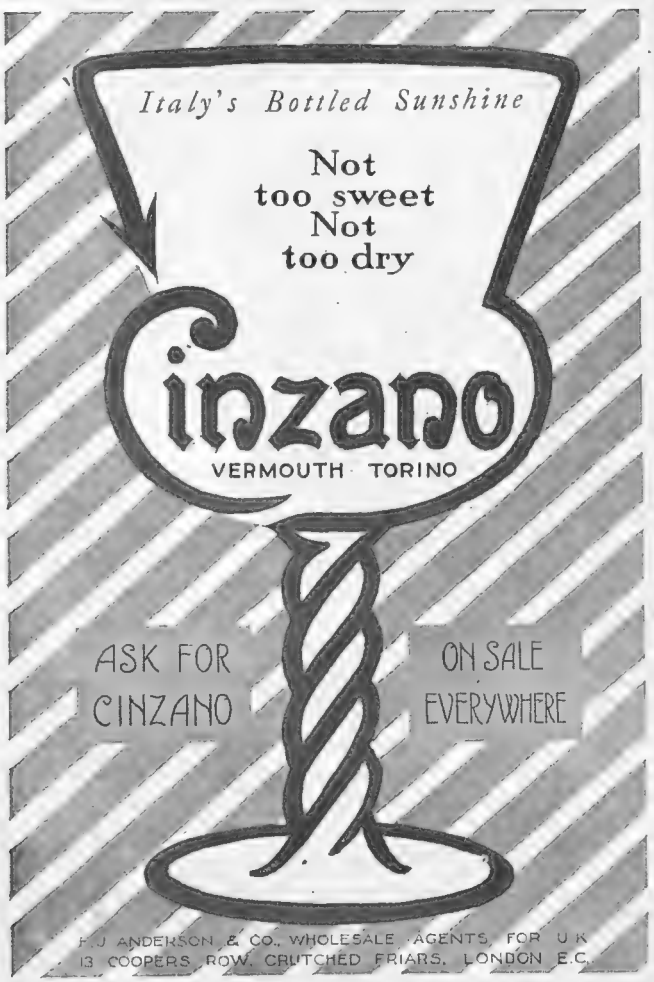
MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P.

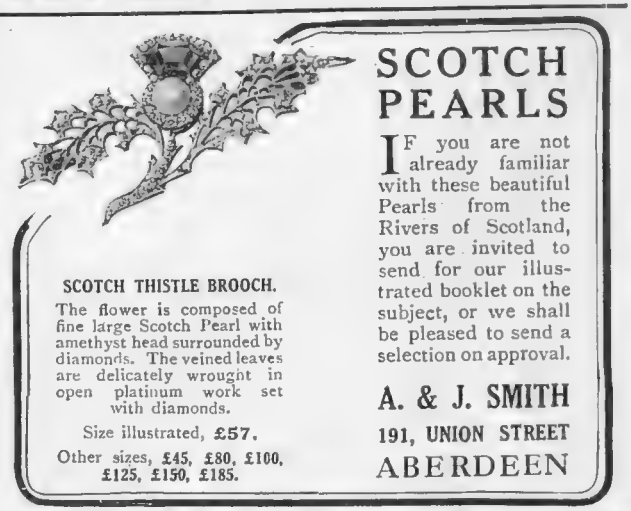
Jumping in to a low backhander in the lawn tennis match between the House of Commons and the London Country Club at Hendon last week. The Club won by 5 matches to 2

The Prestige of Queen's Club

AS regards the World's Covered Court Championships, it is eminently fitting that, if they are to be held anywhere, they should be held at Queen's, admittedly the headquarters of indoor play in England and the present home of the oldest covered court meeting in the world. The tournament is expected to last for a full fortnight, and from the nature of the entry it is evident that there will be plenty of good play.

H. S. S.





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Ladies' K Brogue.—Strong for Golf, and Country Wear. Black Box Calf or Brown Willow Calf. Square heel and ample sole. This model, specially designed for Sporting Shoes, has something mannish about it. Lighter K Brogues in Coloured Suede Calf, with fine "Velour" Nap Grey and Nigger.

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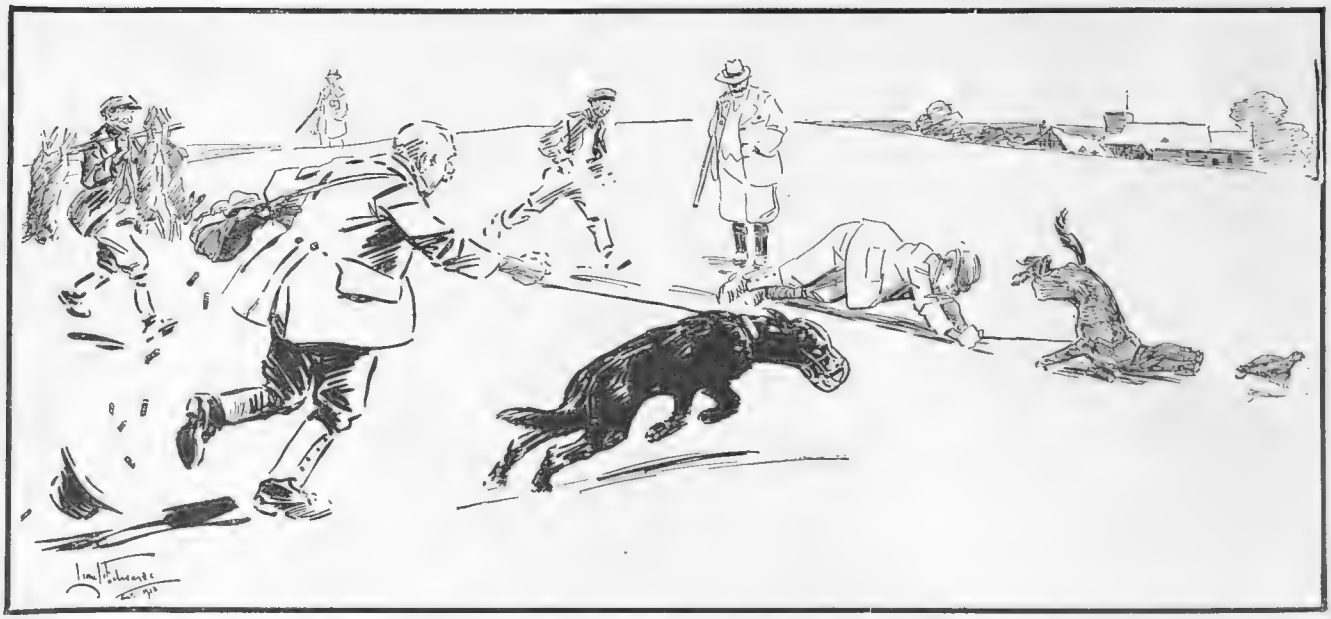

THAT MUZZLING ORDER! By Lionel Edwards

The Muzzling Order is now in force in certain counties, and as a result of the necessity of keeping retrievers on a leash and in a muzzle when within the "restricted area," some very comic scenes are being witnessed with certain shooting parties. This is especially the case when the bird is a "runner." The effect on the bag is also very marked, for nearly all wounded birds escape, and any dead bird which does not happen to fall on an absolutely bare field is also practically impossible to find

By Field, Stream & Covert

"Rattle"

Let me start with an interesting little item of polo news. Major F. W. Barrett has resigned the position of polo manager of the Hurlingham Club. We shall miss "Rattle" in his official capacity, for there never was a better polo manager. At the same time, the position is apt to restrict the energies of a player of his eminence. It rather tends to keep him at his own club when he would probably be desirous of playing elsewhere. The new polo manager at Hurlingham will have a very busy season to start with, as he has the much-talked-of visit of the Americans to handle. By the way, I shall not be surprised to see Major Barrett in the running for the England team after all, though the knowing ones will tell you that he has certain disadvantages. Do not forget that we have not yet seen him perfectly mounted. Ponies do make an enormous difference, and "Rattle" has never had the advantage of studs like those of Lord Rocksavage and Lord Dalmeny.

Photograph G. P. U.

MAJOR HENRY HAWKINS

The new Master of the Atherstone Hunt, photographed at a recent meet

The Bramham Moor

So Lord Lascelles, who has been a prominent figure on the Turf lately, is to try his hand at the Mastership of Hounds. He intends to join Major G. R. Lane-Fox in the command of the Bramham Moor country next season, and I cannot imagine a more suitable arrangement. The only period during the long history of this famous Yorkshire Hunt that the hounds were not kept at Bramham Park by a member of the Lane-Fox family was when a pack was maintained at Harewood by one of Lord Lascelles's forebears. It is peculiarly appropriate, therefore, that these two fine sporting families should now come together in the joint control of the pack.

Among the Cubs

Cubhunting continues to progress satisfactorily. Conditions have been favourable on the whole, and, thanks to soft ground, huntsmen have not had their usual anxiety about the feet of hounds. It is impossible, however, to have real perfection at this time of the year, and a difficulty experienced in many places so far has been the great mass of green vegetation, the inevitable result of a wet summer. The Cottesmore rejoice in many splendid woodlands, which are ideal places for teaching the young hounds their business. They have been busy lately in Owston Big Wood, Hollywell Wood, and Tunneley Wood, and the results so far show that the supply of foxes in this country is excellent. The Quorn, too, have been doing well, accounting for 10½ brace of cubs in their first eleven mornings.

OUT WITH THE WHADDON CHASE; HOUNDS GOING TO COVERT
The photograph was taken during a recent run near Steneley. Inset is Lord Orkney, the new Master of the Whaddon Chase

M.F.H. and First Lord

IN my article last week I was not able to say much about the season's changes, some of which are of more than usual interest. We have, for instance, a Cabinet Minister among our Masters of Hounds this season, Mr. Walter Long having taken over the Avon Vale pack in Wiltshire. The First Lord of the Admiralty has always been an exceedingly keen foxhunter, and the Avon Vale country owes much to his enthusiastic support in the past. He once said that although an M.F.H. usually receives all the kicks and very few of the halfpence, he would rather, in spite of that, be a Master of Hounds than Prime Minister or an Archbishop, or in any great office of the State. Well, he now occupies the dual position of M.F.H. and First Lord, and is generally voted a good man for both jobs. A. W. C.

Photographs] A MEET OF THE CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS AT EDENBRIDGE [*Sport and General*

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

This Week's Big Race

THE Cesarewitch day is here at last. We look like having a race worthy of the great reputation of the big long-distance handicap. The excitement has steadily grown since the publication of the weights, and will culminate in a fascinating struggle on the Heath. Bookies have derived a certain amount of "dead meat" from their early operations on the race. The scratchings of Gay Lord, Kentish Cob, and Rock Dew have been to their advantage, and perhaps before the race is run one or two other prominent candidates may have "gone West" in the betting sense. We must be prepared for that in these days of heel bug and other stable disorders; but I sincerely hope Blue Dun, Bracket, and Holbeach will escape the prevailing epidemics. I fancy our friends who shout the odds will not be well pleased if either of these three should win.

The Favourite

BLUE DUN as had her ups and downs in the market. In these notes I pointed out the big chance she possessed when she was quoted at 100 to 7, and those who took the advice have at least seen good hedging. It looked a bit ominous when she went out a few points last week, but she soon returned to favour, and at the time of writing remains a very sound favourite. I do not think Captain Bewicke has ever been more confident about an important handicap, excepting perhaps when View Law won the Lincoln. "She'll win if she keeps fit and well," was how he expressed it to me when I was discussing the filly with him during the First October Meeting. There are not many better judges of racing than Captain Bewicke, and he has a tremendous belief in Blue Dun. Her trainer scouts the notion that she will not stay the course.

A Likely Light Weight

SIR ABE BAILEY and all connected with Reggie Day's stable are going solidly for Bracket, firmly believing that Blue Dun will not give her the weight, but I think the chief danger to the present favourite is Holbeach. I have always felt it incumbent on me freely to acknowledge the merit of his last two performances. If we see him in the same form as he displayed at Doncaster and Windsor he is bound to be bang in the fighting line at the Cesarewitch finish. On the Doncaster running Holbeach has the beating of Capital, Ivanhoe, Front Line, Matoppo and Celandine. With the last-named filly he confirmed the form at Windsor where he also beat Brance and Longslip on much less favourable terms than those on which he meets them this week. Blue Dun will have to prove herself a very exceptional filly to give him 19 lb. and a year. Still she has unquestionable "class" on her side, and as a final tip I shall simply repeat the words I wrote last week—go outright for **Blue Dun** and save "each way" on HOLBEACH.

Fancy Man

I DO not feel disposed to enter fully into the prospects of the Cambridgeshire until next week. I gave you the hint last week that Fancy Man's people were not downcast by his defeat at Newbury, and sure enough Mr. Hardy's colt has come strongly into prominence again.

Crack Youngsters

THE Cesarewitch will by no means monopolise public interest this week. The Middle Park Plate is always one of the most attractive races of the year and frequently gives us a dependable line to the ensuing season's classic prospects. Coughing in the Manton stable makes it doubtful whether Lemonora will be brought out on Friday, but at least we should see Polemarch, Monarch, Thunderer, and several high-class youngsters in rivalry. I look for the success of **Thunderer,** who greatly impressed me by his stout performance at Newbury. Another good two-year-old race, the Prendergast Stakes, may be won on Thursday by Mr. "Atty" Persse's stable with the **Yellow Dwarf** or **Pro Consul.** The Suffolk Nursery on the same day may be won by **Sally Lunn.**

BY "THE TOUT"

"ROCK" AT THE "BUSHES"

Here are two familiar land-marks on Newmarket Heath. Lord Cholmondeley, popularly known as "Rock," is never absent from "Headquarter" gatherings. Our artist has pictured him meditatively summing up the situation just before the horses go down to the post for the Cesarewitch. Perhaps he is considering his chance with "Jappool"

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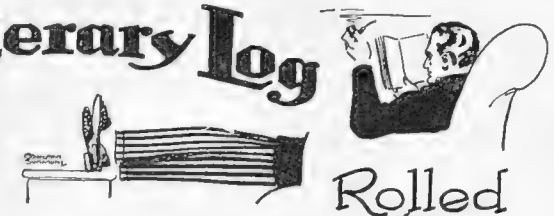
The Literary Log



Rolled by Ralph Straus

THE essay has, I suppose, lost some of its pristine popularity, although as finished work as was ever done frequently sees the light in these days when graciousness has given place to sensation. Mr. Charles Vince is a modern writer who clings to the older traditions — with good results. *The Street of Faces* (P. Allan; 15*s.* net) is a right worthy book. Mr. Vince is equally gracious whether he be writing of the mere streets of London or of the people he meets thereabouts. You delight in the beggar to whom he gives matches. You applaud his enthusiasm in watching those street-games in which every right-minded grown-up wants to join. You are intrigued by the economical gentleman who looks over Mr. Vince's newspaper in the train and is not ashamed of so doing. You recall with a regret which is shared by the author, the days of the old horse-bus driver. And you can probably guess the identity of the Street of Faces itself. It is to be found in the British Museum. There is an essay on tops which shows Mr. Vince to be a master of the subject. And with him you deplore the fact that no one has ever possessed that mighty army of lead soldiers which could so easily be raised. It is, indeed, a likeable book, well produced and tastefully illustrated by Mr. J. D. M. Harvey.

❀ ❀

C. R. MILTON'S second novel, *The Sunset Gun* (Melrose; 7*s.* net) is hardly so good as its predecessor, *The Eyes of Understanding*. Janey is a nice little girl, but her adventures in a Dutch convent are not particularly thrilling. Rather unexpectedly she marries a young baronet and goes to India. Still more unexpectedly the young baronet has a stroke, and Janey becomes one of those unfortunate beings who are tied only in name. There is a nice Carruthers man, but Janey permits no more than a kiss before returning to Europe to help in the War. Naturally the baronet dies, *et voilà tout*. A very ordinary story, though made pleasantly attractive by the author's careful work.

❀ ❀

WITH the price of things at such monstrous heights, you cannot be expected to be given a novel of the length, say, of *Vanity Fair* for a mere eight or nine shillings. The trilogy has come to stay, or, if not the trilogy, the "further story of our hero." *Adam of Dublin* (Collins; 9*s.* net) is a case in point. Conal O'Riordan (Norreys Connell) sets out ambitiously to tell us of a Dublin youngster of uncertain parentage, but takes his hero only so far as his thirteenth year. But you forgive him very freely indeed, for Adam is Irish, real Irish, and, as you know, an Irishman is like nothing else in the world. *Anything* may happen to an Irishman. And the adventures of little Adam Macfadden are odd and unexpected and thrilling. His early advent into journalism is not to be commended. He sells out-of-date newspapers in the streets, though not, I hasten to say, of his own will. It is his unpleasant, drunken "father" who insists, and life is not very gracious to Adam until that disreputable party falls down four flight of stairs. Even an Irishman cannot be expected to survive such a fall. The priests, as you would expect, loom large in the book. There is a delightfully simple Father Innocent, to whose good offices Adam owes much, and a terror of a Father Tudor to whom he ultimately behaves in a shockingly impolite manner with which, however, you are wholly in sympathy. And there are two girls. Young Adam kisses both. He is a fine young fellow, and I for one look forward to the day when his further adventures are written out for our entertainment.

By Arthur Watts

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS

No. II.—THE PEKINESE

THE LITERARY LOG (*concluded*)

"THE Fourth Dimension is life outside the three walls of the stage." This is a sentence on the jacket of Mr. Horace Vachell's new novel, *The Fourth Dimension* (Murray: 7*s.* 7*d.* net). The stage has its own fascination, and what Mr. Vachell has not found out about it cannot amount to very much. Here you follow the evolution of a professional actress, who attains immediate success, from the modest amateur who appeared at a Duchess's Christmas party in a play written by the man she ultimately marries. Jessica Yeo, it is clear, has all the makings of a great actress in her, and Cherrington, her husband, is a good playwright; but to them, as a married pair, the dimensions don't come exactly right. Love and good work pull separate ways. And so you have Jessica faced with a pretty problem. Is she to follow up her own career or give her husband his chance? Mr. Vachell solves the problem in a satisfactory way, though I cannot help wondering whether a compromise could not have been effected. The book gives him the opportunity of creating a delightful old actress of the grand period and a number of lesser beings who are no less agreeable to meet.

Photograph *Lafayette*

THE LATE MR. C. N. WILLIAMSON

The well-known novelist, whose death, we deeply regret to say, took place at a nursing home in Bath last week. Readers of "The Bystander" will remember the very interesting series, "Monte Carlo While You Wait," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, which were published in this journal last year

Income Tax

The revised edition of "*The Financial Times* Income Tax Guide" is now out. Publication of this popular little guide has been delayed until the proposals of the Finance Act, 1920, have been finally settled. The guide contains in a concise form particulars of the radical revision that has been made in the working of the Income Tax system which renders all previous handbooks practically obsolete. It can now be obtained of all Newsagents and Booksellers, price 1*s.* net, or can be sent direct from the Publishers, post free, 1*s.* 1*d.*, *The Financial Times*, 72, Coleman Street, E.C. 2.

A "Monster" Organ at the Coliseum

Miss Marie Ambrose, the well-known dramatic mezzo-soprano, is now appearing at the Coliseum for two weeks. With her as accompanist, it is interesting to record, is Dr. Westlake Morgan, who for many years was organist at Bangor Cathedral, and for several seasons one of the Sunday afternoon recitalists at the Royal Albert Hall. He is using in accompanying Miss Ambrose, Major Havory Bathurst's new travelling organ, a monster instrument with 5 manuals, 75 stops, 25 pistons, and 2,303 speaking pipes.

The Newsvendors' Dinner

On Wednesday, October 20, the Earl of Athlone will preside at the annual festival dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. The dinner will be held at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. Viscount Burnham is President of the Institution.

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ΦA.E.

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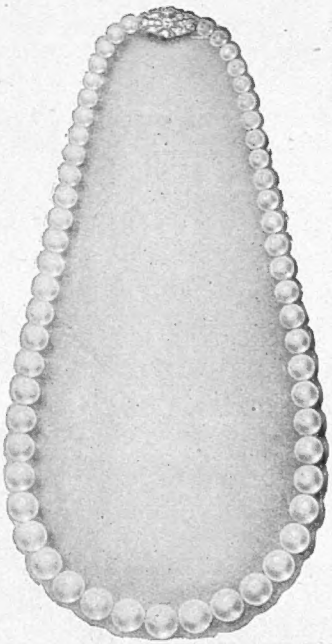

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is prepared with fresh new milk. It forms a dainty and delicious food cream, light as snowflakes and most easily absorbed.

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BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester.

NEW YORK:—90, Beekman Street.
SYDNEY:—117, Pitt Street.
Depots throughout CANADA.

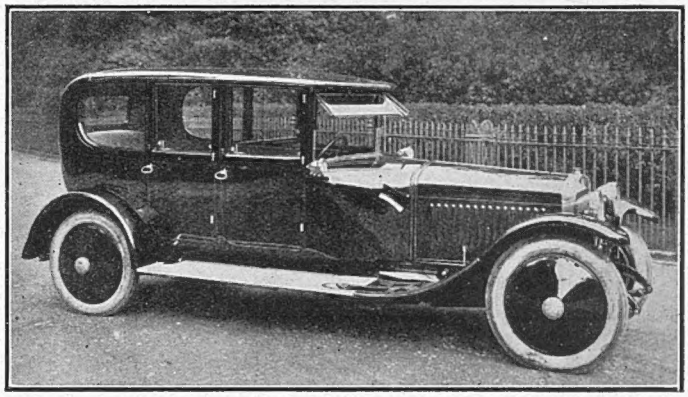
MOTOR-NOTES

FOLK in the petrol line of motor-car business will find that the present cost of that fuel will drive quite a large number of motorists to look for road machines that can be driven by other means. In fact, I should not be surprised to see both steam and electric vehicles on our roads in far greater numbers than we have all been accustomed to. As direct evidence of this, and a kind of support that I am not the only person holding such views, quite recently I was asked by that good little sportsman, Joe Mackle, to try a new car he is handling called the Milburn Electric, because its motive power is derived from that phenomenon of energy which man can harness for work, but cannot actually describe. Now, old fashioned Cockneys will well remember our first London taxis were the Bersey electric cabs, which were jolly nice to ride in, but the batteries or accumulators—you can take your choice which you call them—did not last, in fact their constant renewals burst the company. Since 1900 electricians have got over most of those difficulties, and to-day electric batteries require only a minimum of attention and last for years. Consequently they can be relied upon to give excellent service, especially as every electric lighting station, garage, and engineering shop is only too ready to re-charge them at a very low cost. In the Milburn Light Electric car, which, I fancy, is its full official title, the cost of charging is about the price of a tin of petrol, say, four shillings, for the twelve or thirteen B.T.U.—Board of Trade Units — they can carry in the 40-cell 13-plate-type (as per catalogue) accumulators fitted to it. Now this works out at about one halfpenny per mile, and even the lightest of light cars cannot run at less than a penny, and usually nearer twopence, per mile for petrol. So there you are on a cheaper consumption basis at once.

* * *

WHAT is more, in place of carrying two persons like the light cars, this Milburn wallah can carry five people, so your transport charges for fuel per head are still further reduced. It is a nice enclosed carriage, has comfortable seats, and a child can drive it, but I don't propose to give a full specification of its details here, technicalities are usually boring. At any rate it looks like any other enclosed motor-car as half the batteries are carried under the bonnet, and the other half above the back axle, so the weight is well distributed with the motor between them. There is one gadget that I must mention, and that is if the brake is on when you start to switch on the

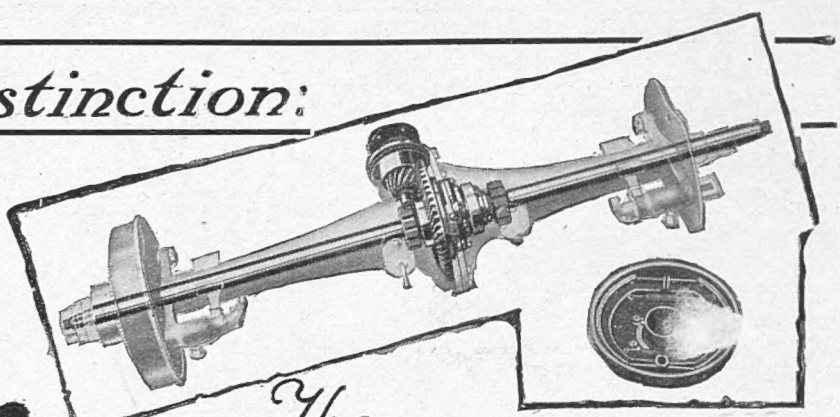
(*Continued on page 148*)



THE LATEST TYPE OF DELAGE CAR

A 24 h.p. model fitted with interior drive saloon body. The sole agents are the London and Parisian Motor Co., Ltd., 87, Davies Street, W. 1.

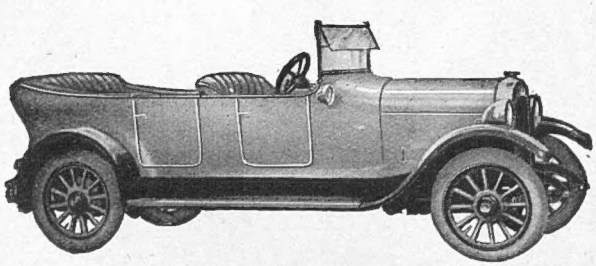
Points of Distinction:



The *Austin* Twenty

The Back Axle.

This has helical bevel gears which render the final drive of velvet smoothness, as well as reducing wear. Roller bearings help greatly to eliminate wear and afford ample support for the shaft without friction. The axles themselves are of the highest grade nickel steel. Ample proportions are allowed to all parts, the whole unit being thoroughly sturdy. The brake pedal operates by expanding shoes in the back road wheel drums. The shoes are fitted with renewable Ferodo coverings. They also are of large proportions and adequate for any emergency.



THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.
HEAD OFFICE: NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM
Telephone: King's Norton 230. Telegrams; "Speedily, Northfield."
LONDON - 479-483, OXFORD ST., W.1. | AND AT BRUSSELS
MANCHESTER - - 130, DEANSGATE. | AND LIANCOURT.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. THE DAILY MAIL, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1920.

OUR ROLLS-ROYCE WAR.

By LOVAT FRASER.

The military situation in Mesopotamia is improving, as well it may; for India is pouring in thousands of troops, and the British taxpayer is pouring out millions upon millions of pounds.

While India does the bulk of the fighting and the British public finds the money, our wonderful and unchanging War Office is behaving exactly as it has always done and always will d[illegible]

Ha[illegible] [illegible]lus

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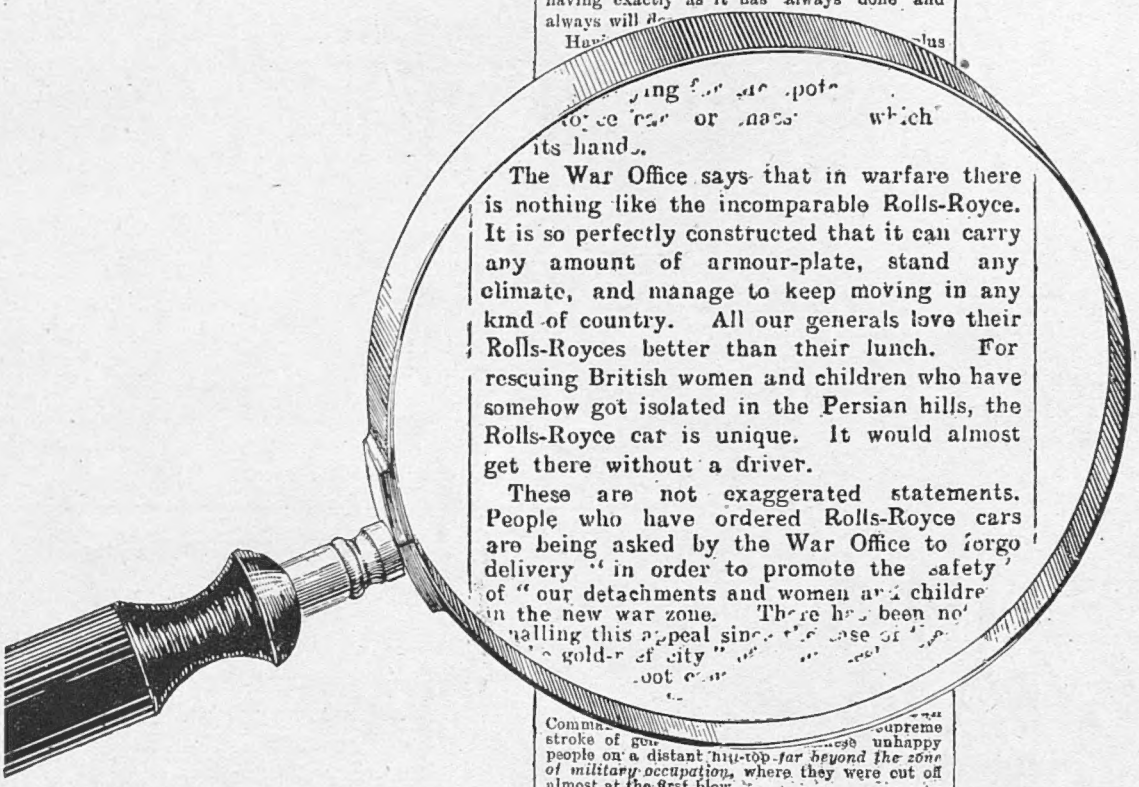


The War Office says that in warfare there is nothing like the incomparable Rolls-Royce. It is so perfectly constructed that it can carry any amount of armour-plate, stand any climate, and manage to keep moving in any kind of country. All our generals love their Rolls-Royces better than their lunch. For rescuing British women and children who have somehow got isolated in the Persian hills, the Rolls-Royce car is unique. It would almost get there without a driver.

These are not exaggerated statements. People who have ordered Rolls-Royce cars are being asked by the War Office to forgo delivery "in order to promote the safety" of "our detachments and women and childre[illegible] in the new war zone. There has been no[illegible] [illegible]alling this appeal sin[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] gold-[illegible]ef city" [illegible]

[illegible]oot [illegible]

Comma[illegible] [illegible]upreme stroke of ge[illegible] [illegible]se unhappy people on a distant hill-top *far beyond the zone of military occupation*, where they were cut off almost at the first blow.

The Rolls-Royce question implies much more than the merits of a famous car. It has a symbolical meaning. The Rolls-Royce car is of such high quality that it is extremely expensive. In the matter of cost this war is on the Rolls-Royce standard, and *we cannot afford Rolls-Royce wars.* Therefore the Government should end the Mesopotamian campaign as speedily as possible

* * * * *

Unfortunately it is not at all clear that the Government are going the right way to work to end the campaign. One or two occurrences within the past few days deserve attention.

Last Friday night the India Office announced that Sir Percy Cox, the new High Commissioner, who should reach Bagdad in a day or two, is to take over control of the civil administration of Mesopotamia. He is to do so until he can give effect to "the fixed policy of his Majesty's Government of setting up an Arab State in Mesopotamia," which is to be his primary task.

This announcement clearly will not do. The Government appear to be playing both with the British taxpayers and with the Arabs. The whole issue is: Do they mean to leave the Arabs to "run their own show," or are they thinking of an Arab State pegged down by British garrisons and taught to be good by those wonderful Rolls-Royce armoured cars? In other words, *do they mean to keep a garrison in Mesopotamia or not?*

That is what the Government refuse to say. That is what they must be compelled to say, and the sooner they say it the better.

A statement with a semi-official flavour, which was circulated on Saturday, contained the ominous remark that the situation in Mesopotamia is due to "the rapid reduction of our fighting and administrative forces, which brought about a weakening of the confidence in our ability to maintain order." If that is the line which semi-official statements from our old friend Mr. Well-Informed Source are to pursue, the sooner Parliament meets the better.

There have been many causes which contri[illegible] Mesop[illegible] rising [illegible]

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., 15, Conduit St., London, W.

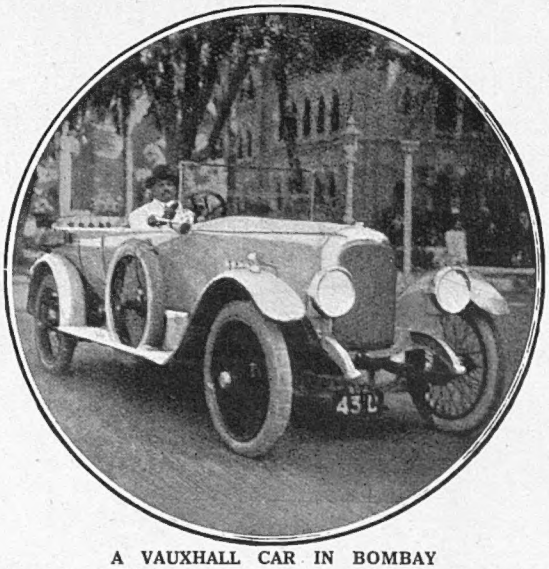
Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg. London. 'Phone: Gerrard 1654 (3 lines)

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

current, the horn starts blowing to tell you to take it off, and save unnecessary wear. There is no sumpt to fill up with expensive lubricating oil at ten bob a gallon, and the batteries can be withdrawn and others put in, if you can't wait to be charged up, without any fuss in two or three minutes. As for its radius of action, one charge carries you eighty miles with a speed of about twenty-five to thirty miles an hour while, of course, the silence of the 'bus beats even the new Lanchester into a cocked-hat, while its price is £1,385, which is the real reason I have not bought a dozen as Christmas presents for my lady friends. Still, I've told them what I would like to do if I could persuade hard-hearted newspaper proprietors to remunerate me as I think they should.

* * *

WHILE I come to think of it, I gave the same reason for not giving them a surprise on their last birthday, after I had been cracking-on about the virtues of steam-cars, as the new Stanley costs about £1,800 if dollars will keep quiet instead of jumping about. I guess they know our English golden sovereigns that repose with them in the U.S.A. treasury want to come home as soon as possible, and so naturally kick at being sat on by the dollars, and that makes the dollars jump. Anyway that's why I can only say "approximately" in regard to this price. Here, again, the new Stanley steamer looks just like any other decent motor-carriage, bonnet and all, to say nothing of its comfortable limousine.



A VAUXHALL CAR IN BOMBAY

Mr. H. K. Wadia, the head of the well-known Bombay Cycle and Motor Agency, Ltd., who are agents for Vauxhall cars, is at the wheel

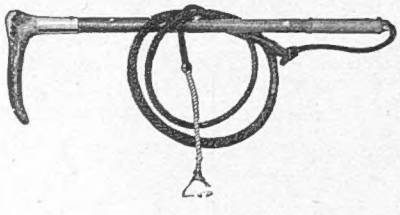
Its former failing was that you had to stop and fill up the water tank too often to please our motoring folk. Now in the latest pattern this only wants refilling every 200 miles, quite another state of affairs. You can bucket along on this at 60 miles an hour, and its paraffin costs you something under a penny a mile at present rates, but I make no guarantees that Mr. Rockefeller won't stick you for a bit more if it takes his fancy.

* * *

THE two-cylinder Stanley steam-engine is bolted and geared direct to the back axle, so losses in transmission are as short as possible, and, of course, there are no gears for changing speeds or reversing any more than there are on a railway engine. Somebody told a friend of mine that it costs about eightpence per mile to run a touring petrol car to seat seven people for tyres and fuel only, and it so impressed him that he put it in a book or a magazine or journal or ——well, into print. Then he showed it to me, and says, of course, it must be so. Anyway I offer it for comment without remarks, but as the same man told him that he could run a Stanley on three pence per mile or less, I leave you to guess which he thought he would like to buy. Still, as I said at first, we have got to get about cheaper, and I do think there is a better chance for steam and electric vehicles to-day than ever there was if they bring them up-to-date, just as the petrol engine has been improved.

OLD HY.

ZAIR'S HUNTING CROPS.



Super Quality Whalebone and Gut (or plaited Kangaroo Hide), stout silver collar, with thong.

Gentlemen's size - -	84/-
Ladies' size (medium) - -	70/-
ditto (stout) - -	80/-

THE NEW "MELTON" HUNTING CROP

Plaited with specially prepared fishing line.

Descriptive leaflets sent on application.

Write for Illustrated Price List of Whips of every description.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115 Bishop St., Birmingham.

"—and what a smart velvet collar, too."

The Castlebank Khaki Service

What it has done for others
What it can do for you

AFTER the Armistice, Castlebank created the now famous Service for the conversion of Khaki into smart civvy wear. They recognised the opportunity of saving the demobilised officer and man expense in buying new clothes, while at the same time taking advantage of the good quality of Khaki Garments. Orders poured in from all parts and fully 20,000 British Warms and Great Coats were successfully treated during last winter, to the entire satisfaction of every sender. Several hundred demobilised officers and men ranking from Generals to Privates have written voluntarily in praise of the results.

Only that inimitable process of dry cleaning and dyeing—Franco Barbe—used by no one else in Scotland—has made this possible. If you still have your Khaki outfit hanging idle in the wardrobe—have them converted now to serve you during the winter months ahead.

Post your parcel to Dept. B.W., Castlebank Dye-works. Ask for Khaki Leaflet and the Fleur-de-Lys, an interesting magazine Price List giving details of cleaning, dyeing and repairing of Ladies' and Gentlemen's civilian wear.

Typical Conversion.

Officer's British Warm Dyed Dark Navy, Brown or Black. All military details removed, new velvet collar of excellent quality, to tone with new colour, affixed and new buttons supplied. Charge for this 25/-

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